









### ARMSTRONG.

Time shake the stable, setting of the uses,  
and willing empire radly thus overwelt  
ride past us, lone'st.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
J. ARMSTRONG, M. D.  
WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Cooke's Edition.

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Daughter of Pton, queen of ev'ry joy,  
Hygeia! — O descend  
Thou cheerful Guardian of the rolling year! —  
Without thy cheerful active energy  
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
No more the Maids of Helicon delight.  
Come then with me, O Goddess heav'nly pay!  
Begin the song, and let it sweetly flow. —  
With thy aid the secret wuds I trace  
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed  
Thro' paths the Mules never trod before.

Art of Health.

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EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,  
And sold by all the Booksellers in  
Great Britain.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

CONTAINING HIS

ART OF HEALTH,  
IN FOUR BOOKS,  
BENEVOLENCE, AN EPISTLE, | TASTE, AN EPISTLE,  
IMIT. OF SHAKESPEARE,  
IMIT. OF SPENSER,

&c. &c. &c.

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Not in vain such Labours have we try'd  
If I might not Lay the fickle Health confirm.  
To you, ye De'cate! I write, for you  
I tire my youth to philosophic care,  
And grow still paler by the midnight lamp.

Art of Health.

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PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED  
Under the Direction of  
C. COOKE.



# LIFE OF ARMSTRONG.

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JOHN ARMSTRONG was born at Castleton, in Roxburghshire, North Britain, about the year 1709. His father and brother were Ministers of the Church of Scotland, and much respected as able divines and valuable members of society. Our Author, having passed through the ordinary course of classical education, was sent to compleat his studies to the University of Edinburgh, where he applied himself to the cultivation of the several branches of philosophy and medicine, under the respective professors; and from the reputation he had acquired he obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, Feb. 4, 1732. He soon afterwards came to London, and entered upon the practice of physic; but never attained to an eminence of popularity in his profession, being more successful in his poetical than medical capacity.

In 1735, he published an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic, to which is added, a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury, and Plato, relating to the practice of physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society;" and an Epistle from Usbec, the Persian, to Joshua Ward, Esq. with a Dedication "To the Academic Philosophers, to the Generous Despisers of the Schools, to the deservedly celebrated Joshua Ward, John Moor, and the rest of the numerous sect of inspired physicians." This fugitive piece intended to satirize the empirics of the day, among whom Ward had attained to the highest degree of popularity, and been patronized by the King, contains much wit and pleasantry, and the Dialogue, in the opinion of the literati, possesses a great degree of the spirit of Lucian.

In 1737, he published a "Synopsis of the History and Cure of the Venereal Disease:" inscribed to Dr. Alexander Stuart, in a dedication, representing that professor as "a person who had an indisputable right to judge severely of the performance presented to him."

The same year he produced his celebrated Poem, called "The Economy of Love," which has much merit; though it partakes in too great a degree of the licentiousness of Ovid, from whose work of the Art of Love, the design appears to have been taken. The Poem passed through many Editions, more, there is reason to apprehend, to the emolument of the bookseller than the benefit of the reader. In justice, however, to the character of the Author, it is to be observed, that, when his judgment ripened with his years, it underwent a revision,

in 1768, and many of the luxuriancies or youthful fancy were expunged.

In 1744, he published "The Art of Preserving Health, a Didactic Poem," a work in which the critics admit there is a classical correctness and closeness of style that are truly admirable. This Poem laid the foundation of his fame, and will be a lasting monument of his poetical talents, as well as skill in the medical Art.

In 1746, he was appointed one of the physicians to the Hospital, for lame and sick soldiers, behind Buckingham House; and, in the course of a few years, produced several little pieces, among which were a Poem "on Benevolence," and another called "Taste, an Epistle to a Young Critic;" soon after which he was complimented in an elegant Ode, addressed to him by Dr. Theobald.—His Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects, by Launcelot Temple, Esq. being replete with humour, and indicating a general knowledge of mankind, had a very rapid sale; he is shrewdly suspected of having derived much assistance in this work from the abilities of his friend Mr. Wilkes.

Soon after he was appointed physician to the army in Germany, which was in 1760, he wrote a Poem called "Day, an Epistle to John Wilkes, of Aylesbury, Esq." It appears from the prefatory advertisement, that it was published without the knowledge or consent of the Author, or of his friend to whom it is addressed. In this poem he wantonly hazarded a reflection on Churchill, which drew on him the vengeance of that severe Satirist. The reflection is contained in the following lines:

" What news to day? I ask you not what rogue,  
 " What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue,  
 " What forvard blundering fool was last preferr'd,  
 " By mere pretence distinguisht from the herd:  
 " With what new cheat the gaping town is smit,  
 " What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit;  
 " What stuff for winter the two Booths have mixt,  
 " What bouncing mimic gives a Rosciad next,

Churchill incensed at this reflection on his first and favourite Poem of the "Rosciad," took occasion in his last piece, "The Journey," after referring to those who had hinted that he should "run his stock of genius out," to conclude the catalogue of some contemporary writers who had obtained what he thought unmerited celebrity, with these pointed lines upon Armstrong.

" Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,  
 " Read multy lectures on Benevolence,

" Or on the pages of his gaping *Day*,  
 " Where all his former fame was thrown away ;  
 " Where all but barren labour was forgot,  
 " And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot.  
 " Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,  
 " But not one hour or darknes, when the night  
 " Suspends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,  
 " When for our past misdoings conscience takes  
 " A deep revenge : when by reflection led  
 " She draws his curtain, and looks comfort dead,  
 " Let every Muse be gone ; in vain he turns  
 " And tries to pray for sleep ; an *Aetna* burns,  
 " A more than *Aetna* in his coward breast,  
 " And guilt with vengeance arm'd forbids him rest ;  
 " Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,  
 " His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring,  
 " *Ingratitude* hath painted daggers there,  
 " No good man can deserve, no brave man bear."

It is observed by a friend of Armstrong, that he certainly afforded " the original cause of offence, but the retaliation was unjustifiably severe. Armstrong was incapable of the crime with which he is charged, and the imputation of ingratitude will never obscure the character of a humane, benevolent, kindly-affectioned man of genius, whose great offence was his attachment to the party in opposition to Mr. Wilkes and his friends." Nothing, indeed, has proved more fatal to the intercourse of friends than a disagreement in politics. The intimacy which had subsisted between Armstrong and Wilkes was certainly interrupted, if not dissolved, by the demon of party.

When the peace was concluded in 1763, he quitted the army, and resumed the practice of physic, in London ; which, from his indolence and inactivity, as was generally supposed, never tended much to his emolument. Armstrong was a man of extensive knowledge, and a liberal turn of mind, and could not submit to the mean arts of insinuation and cajoling, to conciliate the favour of old nurses and gossips, which have often proved effectual in recommending young practitioners. He was rather disposed to pass his time at home in reading and study, and to spend his evenings in the society of men of genius and learning, by which means he might at once receive and communicate useful and entertaining knowledge and instruction.

In 1770, he published a collection of *Miscellanies*, containing the pieces he had formerly produced separately, except the

*Economy*

*Economy of Love, and Day, with Imitations of Shakespeare, and Spencer, the Universal Almanack, by Nuradain Ali, The Forced Marriage, a Tragedy, Sketches, &c.*

In an advertisement to his collection, he says he "has at last taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inspection, a task that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have submitted himself at last, but for the fear of their being some time hereafter, exposed in a ragged, mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had, when it might be possible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the most contemptible nonsense. Along with such pieces as he had formerly offered the public, he took this opportunity of presenting it with several others; some of which he had lain by him many years. What he has lost, and especially what he has destroyed, would probably enough have been better received by the great majority of readers than any thing he has published. But he never courted the public. He wrote chiefly for his own amusement; and because he found it an agreeable and innocent way of sometimes spending an idle hour. He has always most heartily despised the *mobility*, from the lowest to the highest; and, if it is true, what he has sometimes been told, that the best judges are on his side, he desires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the best judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worst too of the next will favour him with their's, when, by Heaven's grace, he will be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praises to receive any disgust from them."

His Sketches and Essays discover genius and learning; but their merits are eclipsed by the introduction of vulgar phrases, and scurrilous epithets.—

His Tragedy of the *Forced Marriage* was offered to Garrick for representation on the stage; but refused by him without assigning any reason—There is some animation in this piece; but it does not appear to be conducted with much judgment.

In 1771, he produced a work entitled, *A Short Ramble through some parts of France and Italy, by Launcelot Temple, Esq.* and, in 1773, a Pamphlet in his own name, called *Medical Essays*. This little sketch, in which he states the causes of his not being so popular in his profession as many practitioners, and amongst others cites his not being able to employ the usual means of flattery and cajoling, from an inherent pride and an excess of sensibility. He complains much of the illeliberality of some of his brethren, and the severity of the critics, and particularly of the reviewers.

He died in September 1779, and, to the surprise of his friends,

friends, left behind him upwards of 3000l. saved by great parsimony out of a very moderate income, arising principally out of his half-pay.

No Edition of his Miscellanies has been called for since his death; but his "Art of Preserving Health," has been frequently reprinted, and with his other poetical pieces, except the "Economy of Love," was received into the Edition of English Poets, in 1790. It was omitted from its immoral tendency, and we have rejected it from the same motive.

The following Verses on the death of Dr. Armstrong, appeared in one of the public prints soon after that event.

" Ye swains of *Liddal*, as you drive your sheep,  
 " To verdant pastures, or the russet steep ;  
 " If yet a Muse on Liddal's banks remain,  
 " For tuneful Armstrong make the plaintive strain.  
 " Tho' from you long, long from the limpid wave,  
 " In which he lov'd his infant limbs to lave :  
 " Long from the pool, where oft' with mimic fly,  
 " He patient ang'ed for the silver fry ;  
 " Yet were his manners artless as your own,  
 " As plain as he the world had never known.  
 " The world he scorn'd, for well he knew to scan  
 " The crooked views of narrow minded man.

" Ye sons of Galen, tho' he lack'd not skill  
 " Like you, by slow and secret means to kill,  
 " He sought to save, he fought to heal the frame,  
 " And brea h'd Nepenthe in poetic flame.  
 " From breezy summit, or fair op'ning lawn,  
 " He bade his patients hail the cheerful dawn ;  
 " Their villas build wide from the marshy mead,  
 " But chief where bees on fragrant wild thyme feed :  
 " As death itself avoid the smoaky town ;  
 " Refist th' enfeebling luxury of down :  
 " Far from the breast all rankling cares expel,  
 " And there invite content, and hope to dwell."

The character of Armstrong was amiable, and of course respectable. He was the intimate friend of Thomson, and his coadjutor in the composition of his admirable Poem, "The Castle of Indolence;" stanza the sixty-eighth was written by Armstrong. "Though the Doctor (Thomson writes his friend) Paterson, increases in his business, he does not decrease in spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jaques in the play." Thomson has described his absent moods in the "Castle of Indolence," stanza ten.

" With

“ With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk,  
 “ Profoundly silent, for they never spoke,  
 “ One thyer still, who quite detested talk,  
 “ Oft' stang by spleen, at once away he broke  
 “ To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;  
 “ There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,  
 “ And on himself his pensive fury woke ;  
 “ He never utter'd word, save when first shone  
 “ The glittering star of eve—thank Heav'n the day is  
 done.—

The Doctor lived in habits of intimacy with most of the men of wit and learning in his time; amongst whom were Dr. Grainger, Sir John Pringle, Mr. Fuseli, and others.

Dr. Johnson's Life of Armitrōng can hardly be called even a Sketch, as he speaks of him very little as an Author, and not at all as a man. His name is mentioned very respectfully by several characters eminent for their professional and literary abilities.

Dr. Cuming, of Dorchester, in a letter to a friend, speaks of him in the following terms: “ I was early acquainted with Dr. Armstrong, have often visited him at his lodgings, knew many of his intimates, have met him in company; but from my having visited the metropolis so seldom since my residence in Dorsetshire, I was not so well acquainted with him as I should otherwise have been, or wished to be. He always appeared to me (and I was confirmed in that opinion by that of his most intimate friends) a man of learning and genius, of considerable abilities in his profession, of great benevolence and goodness of heart; and therefore totally unqualified to employ the means that usually lead to medical employment, or elbow his way through a crowd of competitors.”—

His *Art of Preserving Health*, on account of the reputation it has so justly acquired, precludes all criticism. It is of the highest species of didactic poetry, and of a merit and character so great, as to rank with the compositions of Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Boileau, Akenside, Dyer, and Grainger. Akenfside has attempted the most rich and poetical form of didactic writing in his “ Pleasures of Imagination,” and in several parts succeeded happily, and displayed much genius. Armstrong has not aimed at so high a strain as Akenfside; but he is more equal, and maintains throughout a chaste and correct elegance.

“ To describe so difficult a thing gracefully and poetically, (says Dr. Warton, in his Reflections on Didactic Poetry,) as the effects of a distemper on a human body, was referred to Dr. Armstrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed it at the

end of his Third Book of his *Art of Preserving Health*, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the Sweating Sickness. "There is a classical correctness and closeness of stile in this Poem, that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images."

" Of all the poetical performances on this subject, (says Dr. Mckenzie, in his History of Health,) that have come to my hands, Dr. Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health* is by far the best. To quote every charming description and beautiful passage of this Poem, one must transcribe the whole. We cannot, however, expect new rules where the principal design was to raise and warm the heart into a compliance with the solid precepts of the ancients, which he has enforced with great strength and elegance." The Doctor concludes his eulogium with remarking that, " upon the whole, he has convinced us by his own example, that we ought not to blame antiquity for acknowledging

"One power of physic, melody, and song."

Finis.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Pieces has at last taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inspection, a task that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have submitted himself at last but for the sake of preventing their being, some time hereafter, exposed in a ragged mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had, while it might be impossible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the most contemptible nonsense.

Along with such pieces as he had formerly offered to the public he takes this opportunity of presenting it with several others, some of which had lain by him many years: what he has lost, and especially what he has destroyed, would probably enough have been better received by the great majority of readers than any thing he has published.

But he never courted the public: he wrote chiefly for his own amusement, and because he found it an agreeable and innocent way of sometimes passing an idle hour: he has always most heartily despised the opinion of the Mobility, from the lowest to the highest; and if it is true what he has sometimes been told, that the best judges are on his side, he desires no more in the article of fame and rei own as a writer: if the best judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worst too of the next will favour him with their's, when by Heaven's grace he'll be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praises to receive any disgust from them.

THE  
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.  
IN FOUR BOOKS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1744.

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Paeon, queen of ev'ry joy,  
Hygeia!\* whose indulgent smile sustains  
The various race luxuriat Nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows  
Immortal youth, auspicious O descend      5  
Thou cheerful Guardian of the rolling year!  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale  
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracks  
Of air, thro' earth and ocean's deep domain.      10  
Wi'en thro' the blue serenity of heav'n  
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host  
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,  
Confounded sink into the leathome gloom,  
Where in deep Erebus involv'd, the fiends      15  
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,  
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,  
S swarm thro' the shudd'ring air; whatever plagues  
Or negre Famine breeds, or with slow wings  
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,      20  
The damp wate forest, motionleis and rank,  
That in others earth, and all the breathlets winds,  
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;  
Whatever bane ul breathes the rotten south;  
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change      25  
Or col' and hot or moist and dry produce,  
They fly thy pure effulgence, they and all  
The secret poisons of avenging Heav'n,  
And al the pale tribes halting in the train  
Or Vice and heedless Pleasure; or if aught      30

\* Hygieia is the goddess of Health; she was, according to the genealogy of the  
Greeks, the daughter of Aesculapius, who as well as Apollo was  
instructed by the name of Paeon.

The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,  
Portend disastrous to the vital world,  
Thy salutary pow'r averts their rage,  
Averts the gen'ral bane ; and but for thee  
Nature would ficken, Nature soon would die.

35

Without thy cheerful active energy  
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
No more the maids of Helicon delight.  
Come then with me O Goddess heav'nly gay !  
Begin the song, and let it sweetly flow,  
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws ;  
“ How best the fickle fabric to support  
“ Of mortal man ; in healthful body how  
“ A healthful mind the longest to maintain.”  
‘Tis hard in such a strife of rules to chuse  
The best, and those of most extensive use ;  
Harder in clear and animated song,  
Dry philosophic precepts to convey :  
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace  
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed  
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

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Nor should I wander doubtful of my way  
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind  
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,  
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.  
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,  
Thou long the fav'rite of the Healing Pow'rs,  
Indulge O Mead ! a well-design'd Essay,  
Howe'er imperfect, and permit that I  
My little knowledge with my country share,  
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this sev'rish world would wear  
A body free of pain, of cares a mind,  
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air,  
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
The dying, sick'ning, and the living, world  
Exhal'd, to fully Heav'n's transparent dome

65

70

With dim mortality. It is not air  
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
 Of Nature, when from shape and texture she  
 Relapses into fighting elements ;      75  
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass  
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive, things.  
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a soiled bath,  
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more  
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.      80  
 Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay  
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,  
 This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows  
 With sickly rest ; and (tho' the lungs abhor  
 To drink the dun fuliginous aby's)      85  
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,  
 Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimnies, tame  
 The putrid steams that overswarm the Iky,  
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode  
 Thole tender cells that draw the vital Air,      90  
 In vain with all their unduous rills bedew'd,  
 Or by the drunken venous tubes that yawn  
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin  
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,  
 And rouse the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.      95  
 While yet you breathe away ; the rural wilds  
 Invite, the mountains call you, and the vales,  
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
 That fans the ever-undulating sky,      100  
 A kindly sky ! whose fost'ring pow'r regales  
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
 Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles  
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.  
 To us there wants not many a happy seat :      105  
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise  
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.  
 See where enthron'd in adamantine state,  
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;  
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove      110

Fast by the slowly winding Thames, or where  
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,  
 (Richmond ! that sees an hundred villas rise  
 Rural or gay.) O from the summer's rage,  
 O wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides  
 Umbrageous Ham !—But if the busy Town  
 Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,  
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess  
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind,  
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood,  
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
 Of Dulwich, yet by barb'rous arts unspoil'd.  
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful Air ;  
 But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads  
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet ;  
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
 With baneful fogs her aking temples bound,  
 Quartana there presides, a meagre fiend.

Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force  
 Compreß'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.  
 From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest  
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :  
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,  
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains,  
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins, 135  
 And rack the jooints, and ev'ry torpid limb,  
 Then parching heat succeeds till copious sweats  
 O'erflow, a short relief from former ills :  
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;  
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away,  
 The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom  
 Dies from the face, with squalid Atrophy  
 Devour'd, in fallo w melancholy clad,  
 And oft the forc'ress in her sated wrath  
 Resigns them to the Furies of her train,  
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites avoid the mournful plain,  
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake,  
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow ;

115

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150

Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll  
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main ;  
 For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign  
 Eternal vapours rise ; the spungy air  
 For ever weeps, or turgid with the weight  
 Of waters pours a sounding deluge down.  
 Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun,  
 Who dreads the dropsy, pality, or the gout,  
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh,  
 Or any other injury that grows

155

From raw spun fibres, idle and unstrung,  
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood  
 In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

160

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine,  
 For Air may be too dry. The subtle heav'n,

165

That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,

Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph

Which by the surface from the blood exhales ;

The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eslay

170

Their flexible vibrations, or inflam'd

Their tender ever moving structure thaws :

Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle the blood

A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide

That slow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins

175

Unactive in the services of life,

Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'

The secret mazy channels of the brain :

The melancholic fiend (that worst despair

Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man

180

Pursues whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain

Too stretch'd a tone ; and hence in climes adust

So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,

And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly if you can these violent extremes

185

Of Air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.

But as the pow'r of chusing is deny'd

To half mankind a further task ensues,

How best to mitigate these fell extremes,

How breathe unhurt the with'ring element,

Or hazy atmosphere ; tho' custom moulds  
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay,  
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd  
(So kind is native Air) may in the Fens  
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive

195

At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.

But if the raw and oozy heav'n offend  
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up.

Of wat'ry exhalation ; wide and deep  
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog ;

200

Solicitous with all your winding arts,

Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream,  
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds

To break the toils where strangled vapours lie,  
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames :

205

Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel  
The humid Air, and let your table smoke

With solid roast or bak'd, or what the herds  
Of tamer breed supply, or what the wilds

Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase :  
Gen'rous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,

210

But frugal be your cups : the languid frame,  
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,

Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heav'ns.

But neither these nor all Apollo's arts

215

Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,

Unless with exercise and manly toil

You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.

The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of Ease

Avoid. If Indolence would wish to live,

220

Go yawn and loiter out the long slow year

In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch

The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood,

Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,

Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty Air,

225

And wake the fountains from their secret beds, ;

And into lakes dilate the rapid stream

Here spread your gardens wide, and let the cool,

The moist relaxing vegetable store

Prevail in each repast ; your food supply'd

230

By bleeding life be gently wasted down  
 By soft decoction, and a mellowing heat  
 To liquid balm ; or if the solid mass  
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave,  
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood      235  
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow,  
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess  
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
 To drown your thirst, or let the mantling bowl  
 Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve ;      240  
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
 Will hardly mingle, and fermented cups  
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.  
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or Winter rolls  
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge      245  
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach  
 The mellow cask : then too the scourging Air  
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts  
 Allow ; but rarely we such skies blaspheme :  
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs      250  
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop ; incumbent still  
 A pond'rous heav'n o'erwhelms the sinking soul :  
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise  
 Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades  
 Had left the dungeon of eternal Night,      255  
 Till black with thunder all the south descends.  
 Scarce in a show'rless day the heav'ns indulge  
 Our melting clime, except the baleful east  
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks  
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk'd      260  
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene :  
 Good Heav'n ! for what unexpiated crimes  
 This dismal change ! The brooding elements  
 Do they, your pow'ful ministers of wrath,  
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague ?      265  
 Or is it fix'd in the decrees above  
 That lofty Albion melt into the main ?  
 Indulgent Nature ! O dissolve this gloom !  
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
 That drown or wither, give the genial west      270

To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north,  
And may once more the circling seasons rule  
The year, not mix in ev'ry monstrous day!

Meantime the moist malignity to shun  
Of burden'd skies, mark where the dry champaign 275  
Swells into cheerful hills, where marjoram  
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the Air,  
And where the cynorrhodon \* with the rose  
For fragrance vies, for in the thirsty soil  
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes : 280  
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep  
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,  
And let them see the winter morn arise, +  
The summer ev'ning blushing in the west,  
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285  
O'erhung defends you from the blust'ring north,  
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
O when the growling winds contend, and all  
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,  
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290  
Howl o'er the steady battlements delights  
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep !  
The murm'ring rivulet, and the hoarser strain  
Of waters rushing o'er the slipp'ry rocks  
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295  
To please the fancy is no trifling good  
Where Health is study'd ; for whatever moves  
The mind with calm delight promotes the just  
And nat'r'al movements of th' harmonious frame.  
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes 300  
The trembling Air that floats from hill to hill,  
From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
Of purest element, refreshing still  
Your airy seat, and uninfeeted gods.  
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds 305  
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
Th' ethereal deep with cndless billows chafes ;  
His purer mansion nor contagious years  
Shall reach nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

\* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

But may no fogs from lake or fenny plain  
 Involve my hill ! and wheresoe'er you build,  
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains  
 Wash'd by the silent Lee, in Chelsea low,  
 Or high Blackheath, with wintry winds assail'd,  
 Dry be your house, but airy more than warm,      315  
 Else ev'ry breath of ruder wind will strike  
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains,  
 Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your voice,  
 Or moist gravedo load your aching brows.  
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell      320  
 In cloister'd Air tainted with steaming life,  
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms,  
 And still at azure noon tide may your dome  
 At ev'ry window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,      325  
 And theatres open to the south commend,  
 Here where the Morning's misty breath infects  
 More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,  
 How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales  
 That circled round with the gigantic heap      330  
 Of mountains never felt, nor ever hope  
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun !  
 While on the neighb'rинг hill the rose inflames  
 The verdant spring, in virgin beauty blows  
 The tender lily languishingly sweet,      33  
 O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,  
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.  
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand  
 The fast'ring sun, whose energy divine  
 Dwells not in mortal fire, whose gen'ious heat      340  
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,  
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres :  
 cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth  
 We court thy beamis great Majesty of Day !  
 If not the soul the regent of this world,  
 First-born of Heav'n, and only less than God !      346

THE  
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II., DIET.

ENOUGH of Air ; a desert subject now,  
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight ;  
A barren waste, where not a garland grows  
To bind the Muse's brow, not ev'n a proud  
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,  
To rouse a noble horror in the soul,  
But rugged paths fatigue, and Error leads  
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.  
Farewell ethereal Fields ! the humbler arts  
Of life, the Table and the homely Gods,  
Demand my song : Elysian Gales adieu !

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,  
The gen'rous stream that waters ev'ry part,  
And motion, vigour, and warm life, conveys  
To ev'ry particle that moves or lives,  
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes  
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again  
Refunded, scourg'd for ever round and round,  
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets  
Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin  
It grows, and now but that a thousand gates  
Are open to its flight it would destroy  
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.  
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide  
That rip'ning Nature rolls, as in the stream  
Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force  
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down  
That very force whose plastic particles  
Rebuild : so mutable the state of man !  
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,  
Daily with fresh materials to repair  
This unavoidable expense of life,  
This necessary waste of flesh and blood :  
Hence the concoctive pow'rs with various art

Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle,  
 The chyle to blood, the foamy purple tide  
 To liquors, which thro' finer arteries  
 To different parts their winding course pursue,  
 To try new changes and new form put on  
 Or for the public or some private use.

40

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind  
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal  
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,  
 By violent pow'rs too easily subdu'd  
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws  
 To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass  
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;  
 Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,  
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste  
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,  
 Infirm and delicate, and ye who walte  
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day,  
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid  
 The full repast, and let sagacious Age  
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

50

55

Half subtiliz'd to chyle the liquid food  
 Readiest obeys th' assimilating pow'rs,  
 And soon the tender vegetable mas's  
 Relents, and soon the young of those that tread  
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,  
 Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,  
 In youth and sanguine vigour let him die,  
 Nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails  
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.  
 Come with high forage and luxuriant ease  
 Indulge the vet'ran ox ; but wiser thou  
 From the bald mountain, or the barren downs,  
 Expect the flocks by frugal Nature fed,  
 A race of purer blood, with exercise  
 Refin'd and scanty fare ; for, old or young,  
 The stall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd.  
 Not all the culinary arts can tame  
 To wholesome food th' abominable growth  
 Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste

65

75

Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousneis ;  
 The languid stomach curses e'en the pure  
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil,  
 For more the oily aliments relax  
 Its feeble tone, and with the eager lymph 80  
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)  
 Coyly they mix, and shun with slipp'ry wiles  
 The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,  
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods  
 Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence 85  
 What horrors rise were nauseous to relate.  
 Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make  
 Too fast the gummy nutrient imbibes,  
 Chuse sober meals, and rouse to active life  
 Your cumbrous clay, nor on th' enfeebling down 90  
 Irresolute protract the morning hours :  
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad  
 With cheerful ease and succulent repast  
 Improve his habit if he can; for each  
 Extreme departs from perfect sanity. 95

I could relate what table this demands  
 Or that complexien, what the various pow'rs  
 Of various foods ; but fifty years would roll  
 And fifty more before the tale were done.  
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange, 100  
 Peculiar thing, nor on the skin display'd,  
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen,  
 Which finds a poison in the food that most  
 The temp'rature affects. There are whose blood  
 Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins 105  
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind  
 Than the moist melon or pale cucumber :  
 Of chilly nature others fly the board  
 Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs  
 For cooler kinder sustenance implore : 110  
 Some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment detest  
 Which in the shell the sleeping embryo rears :  
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
 Of Pales, soft, delicious, and benign,  
 The balmy quintessence of ev'ry flow'r, 115

And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring,  
The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life,  
The best refection of declining age  
The kind restorative of those who lie  
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife  
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death. 120

Try all the bounties of this fertile globe  
There is not such a salutary food  
As suits with ev'ry stomach ; but (except  
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,  
And boil'd and bak'd you hesitate, by which  
You sunk oppres'd, or whether not by all) 125  
Taught by experience soon you may discern  
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long,  
Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,  
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue,  
Or much diminish or too much increase  
Th' expense which Nature's wise economy  
Without or waste or avarice maintains. 130

Such cates abjur'd let prowling Hunger loose,  
And bid the curious palate roain at will ;  
They scarce can err amid the various stores  
That burst the teeming entrails of the world. 135

Led by sagacious taste the ruthless king  
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ;  
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,  
Would at the manger starve ; of milder seeds  
The gen'rous horse to herbage and to grain  
Confines his wish, tho' fabling Greece resound  
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild. 140

Prompted by instinct's never-erring pow'r  
Each creature knows its proper aliment ;  
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry cliue,  
With all the commoners of Nature feeds. 145

Directed, bounded, by his pow'r within  
Their cravings are well-aim'd. Voluptuous man  
Is by superior faculties misled,  
Misled from pleasure e'en in quest of joy.  
ated with Nature's boons, what thousands seek, 150

With dishes tortur'd from their native taste  
 And mad variety, to spur beyond  
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite !  
 Is this for pleasure? learn a juster taste,  
 And know that temp'rance is true luxury : 160  
 Or is it pride? pursue some nobler aim ;  
 Dismiss your parasites who praise for hire,  
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men;  
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as your's  
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates; 165  
 E'en modest Want may bless your hand unseen,  
 Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.  
 Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm  
 But that which binds the mercenary vow?  
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom  
 Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade? 170  
 Nor worthy man by Fortune's random blows,  
 Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,  
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,  
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own? 175  
 There are, while human miseries abound,  
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,  
 Without one fool or flatt'rer at your board,  
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,  
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste. 180  
 Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,  
 Each other violate, and oft' we see,  
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane  
 From combinations of innoxious things. 185  
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine  
 To hermit's Diet, needlessly severe :  
 But would you long the sweets of Health enjoy,  
 Or husband pleasure, at one impious meal  
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year  
 Of ev'ry realm. It matters not mean-while  
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day ;  
 So far indulge : it is fit besides that man,  
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd :  
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste 190

With caution fruits you never try'd before :  
 For want of use the kindest aliment  
 Sometimes offends, while custom tames the rage  
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heav'n has form'd us to the gen'ral taste 200

Of all its gifts, so custom has improv'd  
 This bent of Nature, that few simple foods  
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,  
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense .

Of light refraction at the genial board 205

Indulge not often, nor protract the feast  
 To dull satiety, till soft and slow

A drowsy death creeps on th' expansive soul,  
 Oppress'd and smother'd the celestial fire.

The stomach urg'd beyond its active tone 210

Hardly to nutriment chyle subdues

The softest food ; unfinish'd and deprav'd,  
 The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns  
 Its turbid fountain, nor by purer streams  
 So to be clear'd but foulness will remain.

To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt 215

Th' unripen'd grape ? or what mechanic skill  
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund

Of plagues, but more immedicable ills 220

Attend the lean extreme ; for physic knows

How to disburden the too tumid veins,

E'en how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ?

But to unlock the elemental tubes

Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,

And with balsamic nutriment repair

The dry'd and worn-out habit, were to bid

Old age grow green, and wear a second spring,

Or the tall ash long ravish'd from the soil

Thro' whither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew. 230

When hunger calls obey, nor often wait

Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain ;

For the keen appetite will feast beyond

What nature well can bear, and one extreme

Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.

Too greedily th' exhausted veins absoib  
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs  
Oft' to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
To the pale cities by the firm-set siege  
And famine humbled may this verse be borne ;      240  
And hear ye hardiest Sons that Albion breeds,  
Long tols'd and famish'd on the wat'y main !

The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the shock of joy,  
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day ;      245  
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,  
Than war or famine. While the vital fire  
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on,  
But prudently foment the wand'ring spark  
With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch :      250  
Be frugal e'en of that ; a little give  
At first, that kindled add a little more,  
Till by delib'rate nourishing the flame  
Reviv'd with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)      255  
Extremes have each their vice, it much avails  
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow  
From this to that ; so nature learns to bear  
Whatever chance or headlong appetite  
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues  
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury  
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.  
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast  
Comes on while yet no blacker omen lowers ;  
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,      265  
Were it your natal or your nuptial day :  
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves  
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once  
Might cost you labour : but the day return'd  
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
Most in the tender vegetable breed ;  
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame  
The brazen heav'ns, or angry Sirius sheds  
A sev'rish taint thro' the still gulf of air ;  
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup      270  
275

From the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,  
Will save your head from harm tho' round the world  
The dreaded causos\* roll his wasteful fires.

Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,  
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare.

280

And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer  
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
Th' empires of heat and cold, by neither claim'd,  
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen

Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain

285

Descending Nature by degrees invites

To glowing luxury: but from the depth

Of winter, when th' invigorated year

Emerges, when Favonius, flush'd with love,

290

Toyful and young, in ev'ry breeze descends

More warin' and wanton on his kindling bride,

Then Shepherds! then begin to spare your flocks,

And learn with wise humanity to check

The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits

A various offspring to th' indulgent sky,

295

Now bounteous Nature feeds with lavish hand

The prone creation, yields what once suffic'd

Their dainty sov'reign when the world was young,

Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seized

The human breast.—Each rolling month matures

The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

301

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where

Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste

Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,

There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants

Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,

Regards not. On the waste of iron fields

Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;

Pomona hates them, and the clownish god

Who tends the garden. In this frozen world

305

Such cooling gifts were vain; a fitter meal

Is earn'd with ease, for here the fruitful spawn

Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board

With gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.

310

315

\* The burning fever.

These are their bread, the only bread they know,  
These and their willing slave the deer, that crops  
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.

Girt by the burning zone not thus the South

Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains,

Or thirsty Libya, from whose fervid loins

The lion bursts, and ev'ry fiend that roams

Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd

Adust and dry no sweet repast affords,

Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,

So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals

Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood

Brews fev'rish frays, where scarce the tubes sustain

Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course,

Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these :

But here in livid ripenels melts the grape,

Here finish'd by invigorating suns,

Thro' the green shade the golden orange glows,

Spontaneous ; here the turgid melon yields

A gen'rous pulp, the coco swells on high

With milky riches, and in horrid mail

The crisp anana wraps its poignant sweets,

Earth's vaunted progeny ! in ruder air

Too coy to flourish, ev'n too proud to live,

Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire

To vapid life : here with a mother's smile

Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn ;

Here buxom Ceres reigns ; th' autumnal sea

In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains :

What suits the climate best, what suits the men,

Nature profuses most, and most the taste

Demands. The fountain edg'd with racy wine

Or acid fruit bedews their thirsty souls ;

The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs

Supports in else intolerable air,

While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove

That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage

The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come ye Naiads ! to the fountains lead ;

Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign ;

320

325

330

335

340

345

350

burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds 555  
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs ;  
 With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks  
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.  
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep 360  
 First springs the Nile, here bursts the sounding Po  
 n angry waves, Euphrates hence devolves  
 A mighty flood to water half the east,  
 And there in Gothic solitude reclin'd  
 The cheerleis Tanais pours his hoary urn. 365  
 What solemn twilight ! what stupendous shades  
 nwrap these infant floods ! thro' ev'ry nerve  
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round,  
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees 370  
 'tretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom !  
 Are these the confines of some Fairy world,  
 A land of Genii ? Say beyond these wilds  
 What unknown nations ? if indeed beyond  
 Aught habitable lies ; and whither leads, . . . . 375  
 To what strange regions, or of blis's or pain,  
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious Maids !  
 Conduct me while with fearful sleps I tread  
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing  
 Your gifts, (to Pæon, so the Pow'rs of Health, 380  
 Demniand) to praise your crystal element,  
 The chief ingredient in Heav'n's various works,  
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine,  
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment, 385  
 And life to all that vegetate or live.  
 O comfortable Streams ! with eager lips,  
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff  
 New life in you ; flesh vigour fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew, 390  
 None warmer fought the fires of humankind :  
 Happy in temp'rare peace their equal days  
 Felt not th' alternate fits of fev'rish mirth  
 And sick dejection : still serene and pleas'd

They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget:  
 Blest with divine immunity from ails  
 Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate  
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods  
 Return to visit their degen'rate sons,  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!  
 Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,  
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

395

401

405

Learn temp'rance Friends! and hear without disdain  
 The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage \*  
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school:  
 What least of foreign principles partakes  
 Is best; the lightest then what bears the touch  
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;  
 The most insipid, the most void of sinell.  
 Such the rude mountains from his horrid sides  
 Pours down, such waters in the sandy vale  
 For ever boil, alike of winter frosts,  
 And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream  
 Thro' rocks resounding, or for many a mile  
 O'er the chaf'd pebbles huri'd, yields wholesome, pure,  
 And mellow draughts, except when winter thaws,  
 And half the mountains melt into the tide.  
 Tho' thirst were e'er so resolute avoid  
 The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods  
 As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals,  
 (With rest corrupt, with vegetation green,  
 Squalid with generation and the birth  
 Of little monsters) till the pow'r of fire  
 Has from profane embraces disengag'd  
 The violated lymph. The virgin stream  
 In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

410

415

420

425

430

Nothing like simple element dilutes  
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow;  
 But where the stomach, indolent and cold,  
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine

Th' insipid stream, tho' golden Ceres yields  
 A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught,  
 \*erhaps more active: wine unmix'd, and all  
 The gluy floods that from the vex'd abyss  
 Of fermentation spring, with spirit fraught,  
 And furious with intoxicating fire,  
 Letard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd

440

Th' embody'd mass. You see what countless years,  
 Imbalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,  
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
 The tender rudiments of life, the slim  
 Inravellings of minute anatomy,  
 Iaintain their texture and unchang'd remain.

445

We curse not wine; the vile excess we blaine,  
 More fruitful than th' accumulated board  
 Of pain and misery; for the subtle draught  
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide,  
 And with more active poison than the floods  
 Of grosser crudity convey pervades  
 The far remote meanders of our frame.

450

Ah! fly Deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,  
 Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck  
 Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian Maids  
 Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,  
 The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine,  
 \*erhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs.\*

455

Meantime I would not always dread the bowl,  
 Nor ev'ry trespass shun. The fev'rish strife  
 Rous'd by the rare debauch subdues, expels,  
 The loit'ring crudities that burden life,  
 And like a torrent full and rapid clears  
 Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world

465

is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r

To learn to bear is easier than to shun.

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,  
 Dr sacred country, calls with mellowing wine  
 To moisten well the thirsty suffrages,  
 Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays  
 Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend

470

With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?  
 Then learn to revel, but by slow degrees;  
 By slow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,  
 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth  
 The brows of Care indulge your festive vein  
 In cups by well-inform'd experience found  
 The least your bane, and only with your friends:  
 There are sweet follies, frailties, to be seen  
 By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.

Oh seldom may the fated hours return  
 Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,  
 Except when life declines, ev'n sober cups.  
 Weak with'ring Age no rigid law forbids  
 With frugal nectar smooth and flow, with balm,  
 The sable's habit daily to bedew,  
 And give the hesitating wheels of life  
 Gliblier to play: but youth has better joys;  
 And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows  
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dex'trous thousands just within the goal  
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!  
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,  
 No morning admonitions shock the head;  
 But ah what woes remain! life rolls apace,  
 And that incurable disease old age,  
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,  
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,  
 Except kind Nature by some hasty blow  
 Prevent the ling'ring Fates: for know whate'er  
 Beyond its natural teivour hurries on  
 The sanguine tide, whether the frequent bowl,  
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil  
 Protracted, spurs to its last stage tir'd life,  
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.  
 When life is new the ductile fibres feel  
 The heart's increasing force, and day by day  
 The growth advances, till the larger tubes  
 Acquiring (from their \* elemental veins

\* In the human body as well as in those of other animals the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones, which by the violent motion and presu-

ondens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,  
taint, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood :  
ere stops the growth. With overbearing pulse  
nd pressure still the great destroy the small,  
ll with the ruins of the small grow strong :

515

he glows meantime amid the grinding force

l viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;

is various functions vig'rous are ply'd

y strong machin'ry, and in solid Health

he man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.

520

ut the full ocean ebbs : there is a point

y Nature fix'd whence life must downward tend ;

or still the beating tide consolidates

he stubborn vessels, more reluctant still

o the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart :

525

his languishing, these strength'ning, by degrees

o hard unyielding, unelastic bone ;

hro' tedious channels the congealing flood

rawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;

loiters still, and now it stirs no more.

530

his is the period few attain, the death

Nature. Thus (so Heav'n ordain'd it) life

stroy's itself ; and could these laws have chang'd

for might now the fates of Troy relate,

nd Homer live immortal as his song.

535

What does not fade? The tow'r that long had stood

he crush of thunder, and the warring winds

ook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,

ow hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,

nd flinty pyramids, and walls of brass

540

escend. The Babylonian spires are sunk ;

achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.

ime shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,

nd tott'ring empires rush by their own weight.

This huge rotundity we tread grows old,

545

he fluids in the large vessels lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate  
inervous chords of fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become  
the larger must of course grow less extensive, more rigid, and make a  
er resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this  
dual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the  
vessels, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is ac-  
celerated &c.

And all those worlds that roll around the sun,  
The sun himself, shall die, and ancient Night  
Again involve the desolate abyss,  
Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom  
Extend his arm to light another world,  
And bid new planets roll by other laws : 550  
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,  
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,  
Being in various systems fluctuates still  
Between creation and abhor'd decay ;  
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will : 555  
New worlds are still emerging from the deep,  
The old descending in their turns to rise. 558

## THE

## ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK III. EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' advent'rous Muse has past,  
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.  
Rude in her theme, and hardly fit for song,  
Plain, and of little ornament, and I  
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts : 5  
Yet not in vain such Labours have we try'd  
If aught these Lays the fickle Health confirm.  
To you ye Delicate ! I write, for you  
I tame my youth to philosophic cares.  
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10  
Not to debilitate with tim'rous rules  
A hardy frame, nor needlessly to brave  
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,  
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years  
Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd 15  
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse  
The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow  
Bears all the blists that sweep the wintry heav'n.  
Behold the lab'rer of the glebe, who toils  
In dust, in rain, in cold, and sultry skies :

sav but the grain from mildews and the flood,  
Dought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.

He knows no laws by Æsculapius giv'n,  
He studies none ; yet him nor midnight fogs  
infest, nor those envenomed shafts that fly  
When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.

His habit pure, with plain and temp'rare meals,  
Robust with labour, and by custom stee'l'd  
To ev'ry casualty of vary'd life,  
Erne he bears the peevish eastern blast,  
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Such the reward of rude and sober life,  
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil  
is well repaid, if exercise were pain  
indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like these  
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons,  
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way  
Inhurt thro' ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime.

Toil and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;  
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
Yellow'd, and subtiliz'd, the vapid old  
spell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.

Come my companions ! ye who feel the charms  
Of Nature and the year ; come, let us stray  
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk ;

Come while the soft voluptuous breezes fan  
The fleecy heav'ns, inwrap the limbs in balm,  
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul ;

Nor when bright winter snows with prickly frost  
The vig'rous ether, in unmanly warmth

Indulge at home, nor e'en when Eurus' blasts  
This way and that convolvè the lab'ring woods.

By lib'ral walks, save when the skies in rain  
r fogs relent, no season should confine  
r to the cloister'd gall'ry or arcade.

Go climb the mountains ; from th' ethereal source  
Inbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn  
Cams o'er the hills ; go mount th' exulting steed :  
already see the deep-mouth'd beagles catch

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The tainted mazes, and on eager sport  
 Intent, with emulous impatience try  
 Each doubtful trace: or if a nobler prey  
 Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer,  
 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake  
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

65

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
 Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,  
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
 Affords. The crystal riv'let that o'er  
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze  
 Swarms with the silver fry: such thro' the bounds  
 Of past'r'al Stafford runs the brawling Trent; such  
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountain; such  
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods: and such the stream  
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,  
 Liddal, till now, except in Doric lays,  
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her lovesick swains,  
 Unknown in song, tho' not a purer stream  
 Thro' meads more flow'ry or more romantic groves  
 Rolls towards the western main. Hail sacred Flood!  
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
 In rural innocence, thy mountains still  
 Teem with the fleecy race, thy tunefnl woods  
 For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay  
 With painted meadows and the golden grain;  
 Oft' with thy blooming sons, when life was new,  
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,  
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd,  
 G't' trac'd with patient steps thy Fairy banks,  
 With the well imitated fly to hook  
 The eager trout, and with the slender line  
 And yielding rod solicit to the shore  
 The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds  
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,  
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.  
 Form'd on the Samian school, cr those of Ind  
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane:  
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

70

76

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95

ut if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,  
 'r secret want of relish for the game,  
 'ou shun the glories of the chase, nor care  
 'o haunt the peopled stream, the garden yields  
 soft amusement, an humane delight,  
 'o raise th' insipid nature of the ground,  
 r tame it's savage genius to the grace  
 f careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
 'he amiable result of happy chance,  
 is to create, and gives a godlike joy

105

Which ev'ry year improves. Nor thou disdain  
 'o check the lawless riot of the trees,  
 'o plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.

110

happy he, whom when his years decline  
 His fortune and his fame by worthy means  
 Attain'd, and equal to his mod'rare mind,  
 Is life approv'd by all the wise and good,  
 'en envy'd by the vain) the peaceful groves  
 f Epicurus from this stormy world  
 eceive to rest, of all ungrateful cares

115

Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd !  
 Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites  
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
 Once fellow rakes perhaps, now rural friends,  
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue

125

Tature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame ;  
 A fair ambition, void of strife or guile,

'r jealousy or pain to be outdone ;

Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs

130

The visto best, and best conducts the stream,

Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend,

Whom first the welcome spring salutes, who shews

The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms

Of Flora, who best gives Pomona's juice

To match the sprightly genius of Champaign.

135

Thrice happy days in rural bus'ness past !

Blest winter nights ! when as the genial fire

Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family

With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,

And pleasing talk that starts no tim'rous fame,

140

With wile's wantonness to hunt it down,  
 Or thro' the Fairyland of tale or song  
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates  
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity,  
 Till lost in fable they the stealing hour  
 Of timely rest forget. Sometimes at eve  
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid  
 His festal roof, while o'er the light repast  
 And sprightly cups they mix in social joy,  
 And thro' the maze of conversation trace  
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.  
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste  
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit  
 Where sense grows wild and tastes of no manure)  
 The decent, honest, cheerful, husbandman  
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,  
 And at my table find himself at home.

145

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170

175

Whate'er your study, in whate'er you sweat;  
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils,  
 The tennis some, and some the graceful dance;  
 Others more hardy range the purple heath  
 Or naked stubble, where from field to field  
 The sounding covies urge their lab'ring flight,  
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour  
 The gun's unerring thunder; and there are  
 Whom still the meed \* of the green archer charms.  
 He chuses best whose labour entertains  
 His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate  
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind  
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side,  
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould  
 But some one part is weaker than the rest;  
 The legs perhaps or arms refuse their load,  
 Or the chest labours: these assiduously  
 But gently in their proper arts employ'd  
 Acquire a vigour and springy activity

\* This word is much used by some of our old English Poets, and signifies reward or prize.

To which they were not born : but weaker parts  
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves 180  
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.

The prudent e'en in ev'ry mod'rate walk  
At first but saunter, and by slow degrees  
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise

Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185

First from the goal the manag'd coursers play  
On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth

Repress their foamy pride ; but ev'ry breath

The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells

Till all the fiery mettle has its way 190  
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.

When all at once from indolence to toil  
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
Are tir'd and crack'd before their unctuous coats  
Compress'd can pour the lubricating balm. 195

Besides, collected in the passive veins

The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,

Derpow'r's the heart and deluges the lungs

With dang'rous inundation ; oft' the source

Of fatal woes, a cough that foams with blood, 200

Asthma, and feller peripneumony\*,

Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heav'n deny'd

Of soul is well compensated in limbs,

Dist' from his rage or brainless frolic feels

His vegetation and brute force decay.

The men of better clay and finer mould

Know nature, feel the human dignity,

And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.

Pursu'd prolixly e'en the gentlest toil

's waste of Health : repose by small fatigue

Is earn'd, and (where your habit is not prone

To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.

The fine and subtile spirits cost too much

To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm :

But when the hard varieties of life

215

\* The inflammation of the lungs.

You toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,  
Or the warm deeds of some important day,  
Hot from the field indulge not yet your limbs  
In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale  
Or taste the spring. O by the sacred tears  
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,  
Forbear! no other pestilence has driv'n  
Such myriads o'er th' irremovable deep.

220

Why this so fatal the sagacious Muse

225

Thro' Nature's cunning labyrinths could trace ;  
But there are secrets, which who knows not now  
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
Of Science, and devote sev'n years to toil.

Besides, I would not stun your patient ears

230

With what it little boots you to attain.

He knows enough the mariner, who knows  
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,

What signs portend the storm : to subtler minds

He leaves to scan from what mysterious cause

235

Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave,

Whence those impetuous currents in the main

Which neither oar nor sail can stem, and why

The rough'ning deep expects the storm as sure

As red Orion mounts the shrouded heav'n.

240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vy'd

For polish'd luxury and useful arts,

All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife

And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath

Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs ;

245

Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'r's

Of myrrh and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal

The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime

Not much invites us to such arts as these.

'Tis not for those whom gelid skies embrace

250

And chilling fogs, whose perspiration feels

Such frequent bars from Eurus and the north,

'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin

Too soft, or teach the recremental fume

Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways ;

255

For thro' the small arterial mouths that pierce

endless millions the close-woven skin  
the baser fluids in a constant stream  
scape, and viewlet's melt into the winds :  
While this eternal this most copious waste      260  
of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,  
saintains its wonted measure all the pow'rs  
of health befriend you, all the wheels of life  
With ease and pleasure move ; but this restrain'd  
more or less, so more or less you feel      265  
The functions labour : from this fatal source  
What woes descend is never to be sung ;  
To take their numbers were to count the sands  
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air,  
waves that when the blust'ring north embroils      270  
The Baltic thunder on the German shore.  
abject not then by soft emollient arts  
his grand expense on which your fates depend  
To ev'ry caprice of the sky, nor thwart  
the genius of your clime ; for from the blood      275  
east nipp'le rise the recremental streams,  
nd least obnoxious to the ityptic air,  
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores :  
the temper'd Scythian hence half naked treas  
is boundle's snows, nor rues th' inclement heav'n,  
nd hence our painted ancestors defy'd      281  
The east, nor curs'd like us their flickle sky.  
The body moulded by the clime endures  
th' equator heats or Hyperborean frost,  
except by habits foreign to its turn      285  
unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.  
Ende at the first, the winter shocks you less  
y long acquaintance : study then your sky,  
un to its manners your obsequious frame,  
nd learn to suffer what you cannot shun.      290  
against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n  
To fortify their bodies some frequent  
he gelid cistern, and where nought forbids  
pruse their dauntless heart : a frame so steel'd  
read not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts      295  
hat breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism ;

The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone ;  
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts :  
But all things have their bounds ; and he who makes  
By daily use the kindest regimen                          300  
Essential to his health, should never mix  
With humankind, nor art nor trade pursue :  
He not the safe vicissitudes of life  
Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he  
To want the known or bear unusual things.                  305  
Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain  
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)  
Should never with your prosp'rous days of Health  
Grow too familiar ; for by frequent use  
The strongest medicines lose their healing pow'r,                  310  
And e'en the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
Parch'd Mauritania or the sultry west,  
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,  
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave  
Untwist their stubborn pores, that full and free  
Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin  
May bear proportion to the swelling blood ;  
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames,  
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.  
With us the man of no complaint demands  
The warm ablution just enough to clear  
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep  
The body sacred from indecent soil.  
Still to be pure, e'en did it not conduce  
(As much it does) to Health, were greatly worth  
Your daily pains : it is this adorns the rich ;  
The want of this is poverty's worst woe ;  
With this external virtue age maintains  
A decent grace ; without it youth and charms  
Are loathsome : this the venal Graces know,  
So doubtless do your wives ; for marry'd fires  
As well as lovers still pretend to taste :  
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil  
From foreign themes recall my wand'ring song.  
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,  
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.

Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame  
Tis wisely done; for while the thirsty veins,  
Impatient of lean penury, devour

The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time  
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.

Now while the stomach from the full repast  
Abides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,  
The leaner habits! give an hour to toil,  
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth  
Oppresses yet or threatens to oppress:

But from the recent meal no labours please  
Of limbs or mind; for now the cordial pow'rs  
Claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work  
Of strong and subtle toil and great event,  
A work of time; and you may rue the day  
You hurry'd with untimely exercise  
Half concocted chyle into the blood.

The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm  
Such toil demands, the lean elastic less.

While winter chills the blood and binds the veins  
No labours are too hard: by those you 'scape  
The slow diseases of the torpid year,  
Inless to name, to one of which alone,  
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves  
= pleasure. Oh from such inhuman pains  
May all be free who merit not the wheel!

But from the burning Lion when the sun  
Pours down his sultry wrath, now while the blood  
Too much already maddens in the veins,  
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin  
Explore their flight, ne'er near the cool cascade  
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,  
No needless flight occasion should engage  
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon:  
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
To shady walks and active rural sports

340

345

350

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360

365

370

375

Invite ; but while the chilling dews descend  
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
 Of humid skies, tho' it is no vulgar joy  
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood  
 While the soft ev'ning saddens into night,  
 Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves  
 Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

38•

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
 Expands her sable wings ; great Nature droops  
 Thro' all her works : now happy he whose toil  
 Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd  
 A pleasing lassitude ; he not in vain  
 Invokes the gentle deity of Dreams :  
 His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve  
 In soft repose ; on him the balmy dews  
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.

385

But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
 In deep oblivion, or on Fancy's wings

390

Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,  
 And waken cheerful as the lively Morn ?

395

Oppress not nature sinking down to rest  
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full,  
 But be the first concoction half matur'd  
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign

400

Your passive faculties. He from the toils  
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil

Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that rocks  
 Amid the clouds or Calpe's hideous height

The busy demons hurl, or in the main

O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.

405

Not all a monarch's luxury the woes

Can counterpoise of that most wretched man  
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits

Of wild Orestes, whose delirious brain,

409

Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought,  
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,

And mangled Consciousness bemoans itself

For ever torn, and chaos floating round.

What dreams presage, what danger these or those  
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers

455

veal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,  
We would not to the superstitious mind  
Urgest new throbs, new vanities of fear :  
Tis our's to teach you from the peaceful night  
To banish omens, and all restless woes.

42•

In study some protract the silent hours,  
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine,  
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.  
But surely this redeems not from the shades  
One hour of life. Nor does it aught avail  
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give  
If th' ever-varying circle of the day,  
Whether thro' the tedious winter gloom  
Or tempt the midnight or the morning damps.  
The body fresh and vig'rous from repose

425

Defies the early fogs, but by the toils  
Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung  
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.

43•

The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies  
Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal ;  
So when the chilling east invades the spring  
The delicate Narcissus pines away

435

Hectic languor, and a slow disease  
Unts all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd  
To cruel heav'n's. But why, already prone  
To fade, should Beauty cherish its own bane ?  
Shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale quadrille

44•

And midnight cares the bloom of Albion dies.  
By toil subdu'd the warrior and the hind  
Step fast and deep ; their active functions soon  
With gen'rous streams the subtle tubes supply,  
And soon the tonic irritable nerves

445

Stir the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.

The sons of Indolence with long repose  
Are torpid, and with slowest Lethe drunk  
Slowly and ling'ringly return to life,  
Unt ev'ry sense and pow'rless ev'ry limb.

45•

Prone to sleep ! (whom sleeping most annoys)  
The hard matrass or elastic couch

455

Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth,  
 Nor grudge the lean projector of dry brain,  
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down,  
 Nor envy while the bury'd Bacchanal  
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

460

He without riot in the balmy feast  
 Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd  
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.  
 But pliant Nature more or less demands  
 As custom forms her, and all sudden change  
 She hates of habit, e'en from bad to good.  
 If faults in life, or new emergencies  
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,  
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage,  
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,  
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

465

Observe the circling year, how unperceiv'd  
 Her seasons change ! behold by slow degrees  
 Stern winter tam'd into a ruder spring,  
 The ripen'd spring a milder summer glows,  
 Departing summer sheds Pomona's store,  
 And aged Autumn brews the winter storm.  
 Slow as they come these dangers come not void  
 Of mortal shocks : the cold and torrid reigns,  
 The two great periods of th' important year,  
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe :  
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,  
 And the black Fates deform the lovely spring.  
 He well advis'd who taught our wiser sires  
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,  
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade,  
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring  
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays ;  
 For while th' effluence of the skin maintains  
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring  
 Glides harmless by, and Autumn, sick to death  
 With fallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

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I in prophetic numbers could unfold  
 The omens of the year, what seasons teem  
 With what diseases, what the humid south

Prepares, and what the demon of the east ;  
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
 Besides, whatever plagues in heat or cold,  
 Drought, or moisture, dwell, they hurt not you,  
 Kill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500  
 And taught already how to each extreme  
 To bend your life. But should the public bane  
 Infect you, or some trespass of your own,  
 Or flaw of nature hint mortality,  
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505  
 Along the spine thro' all your torpid limbs,  
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,  
 Cælius call'd : the Fates come rushing on ;  
 The rapid Fates admit of no delay. 510  
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
 Expect to morrow's more auspicious sun,  
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak,  
 And I can't vanquish'd, with triumphant sway  
 'Ceas'r's your life. For want of timely care 515  
 His ions have dy'd of medicable wounds.  
 Ah ! in what perils is vain life engag'd !  
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy  
 The hardiest frame ! Of indolence, of toil,  
 To die ; of want, of superfluity. 520  
 The all-surrounding heav'n, the vital air,  
 Big with death : and tho' the putrid south  
 Is flat, tho' no convulsive agony  
 Breaks from the deep foundations of the world  
 That imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft' 525  
 corrupts the air, the water, and the land.  
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen !  
 How oft' has Cæsar, with a mother's woe,  
 Spit o'er her striv'd sons and lonely streets !  
 In Albion, start with less malignant skies, 530  
 In the poison of the gods has drank,  
 Felt the sting of monstrosities all her own.  
 Ere yet the tell Pi n. genets had spent  
 The ancient rage at Balaustre's purple field,  
 Where for which tyrant England should receive 535

Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,  
And daily horrors, till the Fates were drunk  
With kindred-blood by kindred-hands profus'd,  
Another plague of more gigantic arm  
Arose, a monster never known before,  
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head :  
This rapid Fury, not like other pests,  
Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day  
Rush'd as a storm o'er half tir' Itonish'd isle,  
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

540

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part  
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung ;  
With rash combustion thence the quiv'ring spark  
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within,  
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires :  
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood  
Gush'd out in smoky iweats ; but nought assuag'd  
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd  
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
Desp'rate of ease, impatient of their pain,  
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream  
Ran full and clear ; they burnt and thirsted still.  
The restless arteries with rapid blood  
Beat strong and frequent : thick and pantingly  
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.  
At last a heavy pain opprest the head ;  
A wild delirium came : their weeping friends  
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.  
Harrass'd with toil on toil the sinking pow'rs  
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown : a pond'rous sleep  
Wrapt all the senses up.. They slept and dy'd.

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In some a gentle horror crept at first  
O'er all the limbs : the fluices of the skin  
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd  
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide,  
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow,  
Of tinctures various, as the temp'rature  
Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid steams,  
As if the pent-up humours by delay  
Were grown more feil, more putrid, ard malign.

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Here lay their hopes, (tho' little hope remain'd,)  
 With full confession of perpetual sweats  
 To drive the venom out: and here the Fates  
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;  
 Nor who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race  
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd,  
 Some the sixth hour oppres'd, and some the third.

580

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd,  
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;  
 Of those who liv'd some, felt a second blow,  
 And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.  
 frantic with fear they sought by flight to shun  
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
 Th' infected City poured her hurrying swarms:  
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,  
 th' infected Country rush'd into the Town.

585

The sad at home, and in the desert scene,  
 Abjurd the fatal commerce of mankind.  
 n vain; where'er they fled the Fates pursu'd.  
 Others with hopes more specious cross'd the main,  
 To seek protection in far distant skies;  
 But noise they found. It seem'd the gen'ral air  
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,  
 Was then at enmity with English blood;  
 Nor but the race of England all were safe  
 In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taste  
 The foreign blood which England then contain'd.

595

Where should they fly? the circumambient heav'n  
 Involv'd them still, and ev'ry breeze was bane:  
 Where find relief? the salutary art  
 Was mute, and, startied at the new disease,  
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
 To Heav'n with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs;  
 Heav'n heard them not. Of ev'ry hope depriv'd,  
 Fatigu'd with vain resources, and subdu'd  
 With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,  
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
 Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,  
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.  
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,

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And pale despair. 'Twas all the bus'nels then  
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
In heaps they fell; and oft' the bed, they fy,  
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods! on whom the fates depend      620  
Of tott'ring Albion, ye eternal Fires  
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! ye Pow'rs  
That o'er th' encircling elements preside!  
May nothing worse than what this age has seen  
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,      625  
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heav'n  
Has thinn'd her cities from those lofty cliffs  
That awe proud Gaul to Thule's wintry reign,  
While in the West beyond th' Atlantic foam,  
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd      630  
The death of cowards, and of common men,  
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown..

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,  
And other themes invite my wand'ring song.      634

## THE

## ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,  
The use of Toil, and all external things,  
Already sung, it now remains to trace  
What good what evil from ourselves proceeds,  
And how the subtle principle within  
Infoires with Health, or mines with strange decay  
The passive body. Ye poetic shades,  
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,  
Assist my song! for in a doubtful theme  
Engag'd I wander thro' mysterious ways.      10

There is they say (and I believe there is)  
A spark within us of th' immortal fire

That animates and moulds the grosser frame,  
And when the body sinks escapes to heav'n,  
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods :  
Meanwhile this heav'ly particle pervades  
The mortal elements, in ev'ry nerve  
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain,  
And in its secret conclave, as it feels  
The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r  
Yields at its will the dull material world,  
And is the body's Health or malady.

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By its own toil the gross corporeal frame  
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys, itself.  
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode  
The solid fabric ; for by subtle parts  
And viewless atoms secret Nature moves  
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world :  
By subtle fluids, pour'd thro' subtle tubes,  
The natural vital functions are perform'd ;  
By them the stubborn aliments are tam'd,  
The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;  
These the still crumbling frame rebuild, and these  
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought, (for still the soul's employ'd,) 36  
Tis painful thinking, that corrodes our clay.  
All day the vacant eye, without fatigue,  
Trays o'er the heav'n and earth, but long intent  
On microscopic arts its vigour fails.  
Just so the mind, with various thoughts amus'd,  
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain ;  
But anxious study, discontent, and care,  
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,  
And fear, and jealousy, fatigues the soul,  
Engrosses the subtle ministers of life,  
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share :  
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,  
The lover's piteness, and the sallow hue  
Of Envy, Jealousy, the meagre stare  
Of sore Revenge : the canker'd body hence  
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day  
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,  
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall,  
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd, 55  
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time.  
 With useful studies you, and arts that please,  
 Employ your mind ; amuse but not fatigue.  
 Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage,  
 And ever may all heavy systems rest ! 60  
 Yet some there are e'en of elastic parts  
 Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads  
 Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,  
 And gives to relish what their gen'rous taste  
 Would else refuse ; but may nor thirst of fame,  
 Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue,  
 With constant drudgery, the lib'ral soul.  
 Toy with your books ; and as the various fits  
 Of humour seize you, from philosophy  
 To fable shift, from serious Antonine 70  
 To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases but no longer read,  
 And read aloud, resounding Homer's strain,  
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.  
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength,  
 And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive  
 The restless blood, which in unactive days  
 Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.  
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
 What posture suits : to stand and sit by turns,  
 As Nature prompts is best ; but o'er your leaves 80  
 To lean for ever cramps the vital parts,  
 And robs the fine machin'ry of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well  
 The restless mind ; for ever on pursuit  
 Of knowledge bent it starves the grosser pow'rs :  
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose  
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs  
 Than what the body knows embitter life ;  
 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,  
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind : 90

There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd fiend,  
Four Melancholy, night and day provokes  
Her own eternal wound : the sun grows pale,  
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads

95

The cheerful face of Nature, earth becomes  
A dreary desert, and Heav'n frowns above :  
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise :  
Whate'er the wretch'd fears creating Fear  
Forms out of nothing, and with monsters teems  
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath  
A load of huge imagination heaves,  
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels  
With anxious flutt'ring wake the guiltless breast.

100

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,

105

Or Fear on delicate Self love creates.

From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind  
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;  
It finds you miserable or makes you so :  
For while yourself you anxiously explore  
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,  
Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
And ever galls you in your tender part :  
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
For grim religion some, and some for pride,  
Have lost their reason ; some for fear of want.  
Want all their lives ; and others ev'ry day  
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

110

Ah ! from your bosoms banish if you can  
These fatal guests, and first the demon Fear,  
That trembles at impossible events,  
Let aged Atlas should resign his load,  
And heav'n's eternal battlements rush down.

120

Is there an evil worse than fear itself ?

And what avails it that indulgent Heav'n  
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come  
If we ingenious to torment ourselves  
Grow pale at hidious fictions of our own ?  
Enjoy the present, nor with needless cares  
Of wh' may spring from blind Misfortune's womb  
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.

125

131

Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heav'n.

Oft' from the body, by long ails mistun'd,  
These evils sprung the most important Health,      135  
That of the mind, destroy ; and when the mind  
They first invade the conscious body soon  
In sympathetic languishment declines.

These chronic Passions, while from real woes  
They rise, and yet without the body's fault      140  
Infest the soul, admit one only cure,  
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.  
Vain are the consolations of the wife ;

In vain your friends would reason down your pain.

O ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd      145  
To soft distress, or friends untimely fall'n !

Court not the luxury of tender thought,  
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains  
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.

Go, soft Enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,      150  
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune

Your sad complaint : go seek the cheerful haunts  
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;

Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the with  
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day,      155

Or join the caravan in quest of scenes  
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,

Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines,  
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field

Where war grows hot, and raging thro' the sky      160  
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul,

And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
Forget all softer and lefs manly cares.

But most, too passive, when the blood runs low,  
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,      165  
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,  
Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl  
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.  
Struck by the pow'ful charm the gloom dissolves  
In empty air, Elysium opens round,

A pleasing frenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,

And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care,  
And what was difficult, and what was dire  
Lends to your powers and superior stars :  
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,

175

Or are or shall be, could this folly last.

But soon your heav'n is gone ; a heavier gloom  
Hunts o'er your head, and as the thund'ring stream,  
Wells o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
Runs from its tumult to a silent brook,

180

o when the frantic raptures in your breast  
Subside you languish into mortal man ;  
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone :  
For prodigal of life, in one rash night

You lavished more than might support three days. 185

A heavy morning comes ; your cares return  
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well  
May be encou'd, so may the throbbing head ;  
But such a dream, such a dream,

190

Involves you, such a daftarry despair  
Trans your soul, as no d'ning Pentheus felt  
When baited r' und Citheron's cruel siles  
He saw two ruin's an' double Thebes ascend.

I curse the sluggish Port, you curse the wretch,  
The fiend, with unnatural mixture first

195

Who car'd to violate the virgin wine,  
Or on the fugitive Campaign you pour  
Theard cruise, far to heav'n it rap't  
Your soul to plunge you deeper in despair :

Perhaps, you rue even that divinest gift,

200

Thee, serene, good-natur'd, Burgundy,  
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine,  
And wish that Heav'n from mortals had withheld  
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect  
What follies in your loof, unguarded hour

Scap'd. For one irrevocable word,  
Perhaps that I can't no harin, you lose a friend ;

Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand

For's a geel to haunt you to the grave :

210

— that your means, your health, your parts, decay ;

Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd  
 They hardly know you ; or if one remains  
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heav'n.

Despis'd, unwept, you fall, who might have left 215  
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing, name,  
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.

Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd  
 All sense and mem'ry of your former worth.

How to live happiest, how avoid the pains, 220  
 The disappointments, and disgusts, of those  
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ,  
 The precepts here of a divine old man  
 I could recite. Tho' old he still retain'd  
 His manly sense, and energy of mind. 225

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe :  
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;  
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him e'en the dissolute admir'd, for he  
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on, 230  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen : he study'd from the life,  
 And in the original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life  
 He pity'd man, and much he pity'd those  
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

" Our aim is happiness ; 'tis your's, 'tis mine,  
 (He said;) 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;

" Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd : 240

" But they the widest wander from the mark

" Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy

" Seek this coy goddess, that from stage to stage

" Invites us still, but shifts a's we pursue :

" For not to name the pains that pleasure brings 245

" To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate

" Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds

" Should ever roam ; and were the Fates more kind

" Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale : 249

" Were these exhaustless Nature would grow sick,

" And cloy'd with pleasure squeamishly complain

" That all is vanity, and life a dream.  
 " Let Nature rest : be busy for yourself  
 " And for your friend ; be busy e'en in vain  
 " Rather than tease her fated appetites. 255

" Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys ;  
 " Who never toils or watches never sleeps.  
 " Let Nature rest ; and when the taste of joy  
 " Grows keen indulge, but shun satiety.  
 " 'Tis not for mortals always to be blest,  
 But him the least the dull or painful hours  
 Or life oppres, whom sober Sense conducts,  
 And Virtue thro' this labyrinth we tread.  
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;  
 Virtue and Sense are one : and trust me still  
 A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.  
 Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)  
 Is sense, and spirit with humanity :  
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;  
 'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270  
 Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare ;  
 But at his heart the most undaunted son  
 Of Fortune dreads its name and awful charms.  
 To noblest uses this determines wealth ;  
 This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days, 275  
 The peace and shelter of adversity :  
 And if you pant for glory build your fame  
 On this foundation, which the secret shock  
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.  
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes  
 The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,  
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
 By Sense alone and dignity of mind.  
 " Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
 Is the best gift of Heav'n, a happiness 285  
 That e'en above the smiles and frowns of Fate  
 Exalts great Nature's fav'rites, a wealth  
 That ne'er incumbers nor can be transferr'd.  
 Riches are oft' by guilt and baseness earn'd,  
 Or dealt by Chance to shield a lucky knave,  
 Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool : 290

60           ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.  
" But for one end, one much-neglected use,  
" Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants  
" Are few, and without opulence supply'd)  
" This noble end is to produce the soul,         295  
" To shew their virtues in their fairest light,  
" To make Humanity the minister  
" Of bounteous Providence, and teach the breast  
" That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy."

Thus in his graver vein the friendly sage         300  
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong be taught  
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard,  
And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.  
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway  
He knew, as far as Reason can controul         305  
The lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine :  
Form'd in the school of Pæon I relate  
What Passions hurt the body, what improve ;  
Avoid them or invite them as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene         310  
Supports the mind supports the body too :  
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel  
Is hope, the balm and life blood of the soul :  
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heav'n  
Sent down the kind delusion thro' the paths         315  
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,  
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.  
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,  
Is hope ; the last of all our evils fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast         320  
And yet no friends to life : perhaps they please  
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul,  
Or while they please torment. The stubborn clown,  
The ill-tam'd ruffian, an't pale usurer,  
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)         325  
May safely mellow into love, and grow  
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.  
Love in such bosoms never to a fault  
Or pains or pleases : but ye finer Soule !  
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill         330  
With all the tumul', all the joys and pain,

"hat beauty gives, with caution and reserve  
 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,  
 or court too much the queen of charming cares ; 35  
 or while the cherish'd poison in your breast  
 Ferments and maddens, sick with jealousy,  
 Absence, distrust, or e'en with anxious joy,  
 The wholesome appetites and pow'rs of life  
 Dissolve in languor : the coy stomach loathes  
 The genial board ; your cheerful days are gone ; 340  
 The gen'rous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled :  
 "o sighs devoted and to tender pains  
 Enfise you sit, or solitary stray,  
 And waste your youth in musing : musing first  
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart ; 345  
 Found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
 And that fomented into serious love,  
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves  
 Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance ;  
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped, 350  
 Once you doubt whether you love or no :  
 The body wastes away, th' infected mind,  
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets  
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.  
 Sweet Heav'n ! from such intoxicating charms 355  
 Defend all worthy breasts ! not that I deem  
 Love always dang'rous, always to be shunn'd ;  
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk  
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
 Adds bloom to Health, o'er ev'ry virtue sheds 360  
 - gay, humane, a sweet, and gen'rous, grace,  
 And brightens all the ornaments of man :  
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, lack'd  
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,  
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond, 365  
 Unerves the body, and unmans the soul.  
 And some have dy'd for love, and some run mad,  
 And some with desp'rate hands themselves have slain.  
 Some to extinguish, others to prevent,  
 Mad devotion to one dang'rous fair 370  
 Hurt all they meet, in hopes to dissipate

The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.  
Th' event is doubtful ; for there are who find  
A cure in this, there are who find it not.

'Tis no relief alas ! it rather galls

375

The wound to those who are sincerely sick ;  
For while from fev'rish and tumultuous joys  
The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides,  
The tender fancy smarts with ev'ry sting,  
And what was love before is madness now.

380

Is Health your care, or luxury your aim ?  
Be temp'rate still : when Nature bids obey ;  
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb :  
But when the prurient habit of delight

385

Or loose imagination spurs you on  
To deeds above your strength, impute it not  
To Nature ; Nature all compulsion hates.

Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown

390

Urge you to feats you well might sleep without,  
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,

A tedious task, nor in the wanton arms

Of twining Lais melt your manhood down ;

For from the colligation of soft joys

How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was !

Languid and melancholy, and gaunt and wan,

395

Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.

Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood

Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves

(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)

400

A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,

Rapid and restless springs from part to part :

The blooming honours of your youth are fall'n,

Your vigour pines, your vital pow'rs decay,

Diseases haunt you, and untimely age

Creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd.

405

Infatuate, impious, Epicure ! to waste

The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and Health !

Infatuate all who make delight their trade,

And coy perdition ev'ry hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames  
Consumes, is with his own consent undone :

410

He chuses to be wretched, to be mad,  
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.  
But there is a Passion whose tempestuous sway  
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast, 415  
And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy :  
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in  
With falter'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare,  
Tierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,  
Desp'rate, and arm'd with more than human strength.  
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd, man 421  
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !  
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,  
Env'y or ignominy, or tender grief,  
Lowly descends and ling'ring to the shades ; 425  
But he whom anger stings drops if he dies  
At, once, and rushes apoplectic down,  
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell :  
For as the body thro' unnumber'd strings  
Reverberates each vibration of the soul, 430  
As is the Passion such is still the pain  
The body feels or chronic or acute ;  
And oft' a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs  
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.  
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear 435  
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are meantime to whom the boist'rous fit  
Is Health, and only fills the sails of life :  
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,  
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold, 440  
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,  
A gen'rous sally spurns th' incumbent load,  
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.  
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,  
Or are your nerves too irritably strung, 445  
Wave all dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;  
Keep lent for ever, and forswear the bowl ;  
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,  
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life, 450  
And gives to horror all your days to come.  
Ate arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague

That ruins, tortures, or distracts, mankind,  
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,  
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible  
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows. 455

While choler works, good Friend ! you may be wrong ;  
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight :  
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ;  
If Honour bids to-morrow kill or die.

But calm advice against a raging fit 460

Avails too little : and it braves the pow'r  
Of all that ever taught in prose or song

To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb  
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm

You reason well, see as you ought to see,

And wonder at the madness of mankind ;

Seiz'd with the common rage you soon forget

The speculations of your wiser hours :

Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,

Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,

With all that urge or lure us on to fate,

What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare ?

Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles

To cope with subtle or impetuous pow'rs,

I would invoke new Passions to your aid ;

With indignation would extinguish fear,

With fear or gen'rous pity vanquish rage,

And love with pride, and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a pow'r, that sways the breast,

Bids ev'ry passion revel or be still,

Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves,

Can sooth distraction, and almost despair :

That pow'r is music ; far beyond the stretch

Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage,

Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,

Who move no Passion justly but contempt,

Who like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)

Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.

The fault is our's ; we bear those monstrous arts,

Good Heav'n ! we praise them ; we with loudest peals

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,

491

And with insipid shew of rapture die  
Of idiot notes impertinently long.  
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
A poet he, and touch'd with Heav'n's own fire, 495  
Who with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds  
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes, the soul ;  
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast, 500  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
Such was the bard whose heav'nly strains of old  
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul ;  
Such was, if old and Heathen fame say true, 505  
The man who bad the Theban domes ascend,  
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;  
And such the Thracian whose melodious lyre  
Tun'd to soft woe made all the mountains weep,  
Sooth'd e'en th' inexorable pow'rs of hell, 510  
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.  
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ;  
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd  
The pow'r of Physic, Melody, and Song. 516

## OF BENEVOLENCE.

## AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

*First printed in the Year 1751.\**

IND to my frailties still Eumenes, hear ;  
Once more I try the patience of your ear,  
Not oft' I sing : the happier for the Town ;  
So stunn'd already they're quite stupid grown  
With monthly, daily—charming things I own. 5

\* This little piece was addressed to a worthy gentleman, as an expression of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the Author a great piece of service.

Happy for them I seldom court the Nine ;  
 Another art, a serious art, is mine.  
 Of nauseous verses offer'd once a week,  
 " You cannot say I did it" if you're sick.  
 'Twas ne'er my pride to shine by flashy fits  
 Amongst the daily, weekly, monthly, wits :  
 Content if some few friends indulge my name,  
 So slightly am I stung with love of fame,  
 I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—  
 Not for the praise of all the Magazines.

10

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Yet once a moon perhaps I steal a night,  
 And if our fire Apollo pleases write.  
 You smile ; but all the train the Muse that follow,  
 Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo :  
 Unhappy still our poets will rehearse  
 To Goths, that stare astonish'd at their verse,  
 To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays ;  
 So gross, so bestial is the lust of praise !

20

I to sound judges from the mob appeal,  
 And write to those who most my subject feel.  
 Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust  
 With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust :  
 With you I venture in plain homespun sense  
 What I imagine of Benevolence.

25

Of all the monsters of the humankind  
 What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.  
 You wonder how without one lib'ral joy  
 The steady miser can his years employ,  
 Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,  
 Despis'd and hated how he bears to live.  
 With honest warmth of heart, with some degree  
 Of pity that such wretched things should be,  
 You scorn the sordid knave.—He grins at you,  
 And deems himself the witer of the two.—

30

'Tis all but taste howe'er we sift the case :  
 He has his joy, as ev'ry creature has.  
 'Tis true he cannot boast an angel's share,  
 Yet has what happiness his organs bear.  
 Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphic soul  
 Maker Omnipotent ! and thou the owl :

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ea'n form'd him too, and doubtless for some use,  
ut Cranecourt knows not yet all Nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,  
akes life insipid, bestial, or divine.

etter be born with taste to little rent  
han the dull monarch of a continent.

Without this bounty, which the gods bestow,  
an Fortune make one fav'rite happy?—No:  
s well might Fortune in her frolic vein  
oclaim an oyster sov'reign of the main.

Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,  
n eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,  
n vain majettic Wren expands the dome,  
ank as pale stucco Rubens lines the room,  
ost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain,  
reat Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings in vain;  
The beauteous forms of Nature are effac'd,  
Empe's soft charms, the raging wat'ry waste,  
ach greatly wild, each sweet romantic scene,  
nheeded rises, and almost unseen.

Yet these are joys with some of better clay  
To sooth the toils of life's embarrass'd way;  
These the fine frame with charming horrors chill,  
nd give the nerves delightfully to thrill.

ut of all taste the noblest and the best,  
The first enjoyment of the gen'rous breast,  
o behold in man's obnoxious state  
enes of content, and happy turns of fate:  
air views of Nature, shining works of art,  
muse the fancy, but thole touch the heart.  
chiefly for this proud epic song delights,  
or this some riot on th' Arabian Nights.

ach case is our's; and for the human mind  
Tis monstrous not to feel for all mankind.

Were all mankind unhappy who could taste  
lylum, or be solitar'y blest?

ock'd with surrounding shapes of human woe,  
ll that or tense or fancy could bestow  
ou would reject with sick and coy disdain,  
nd pant to see one cheerful face again.

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But if life's better prospects to behold  
 So much delight the man of gen'rous mould,  
 How happy they, the great, the godlike few,  
 Who daily cultivate this pleasing view !  
 This is a joy possess'd by few indeed !  
 Dame Fortune has so many fools to feed  
 She cannot oft' afford, with all her store,  
 To yield her smiles where Nature smil'd before.  
 To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend,  
 With better fortune to surprise a friend,  
 To cheer the modest stranger's lonely state,  
 Or snatch an orphan family from fate,  
 To do, possess'd with virtue's noblest fire,  
 Such gen'rous deeds as we with tears admire,  
 Deeds that above ambition's vulgar aim  
 Secure an amiable, a solid fame ;  
 These are such joys as Heav'n's first fav'rites seize ;  
 These please you now, and will for ever please.

Too seldom we great moral deeds admire ;  
 The will, the pow'rs, th' occasion, must conspire :  
 Yet few there are so impotent and low  
 But can some small good offices bestow :  
 Small as they are, however cheap they come,  
 They add still something to the gen'ral sum ;  
 And him who gives the little in his pow'r  
 The world acquits, and Heav'n demands no more.

Unhappy he who feels each neighbour's woe,  
 Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow !  
 Unhappy too who feels each kind essay,  
 And for great favours has but words to pay,  
 Who scorful of the flatt'rer's fawning art  
 Dreads e'en to pour his gratitude of heart,  
 And with a distant lover's silent pain  
 Must the best movements of his soul restrain !  
 But men sagacious to explore mankind,  
 Trace e'en the coyest passions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good will ;  
 In good and bad distress demands it still :  
 This with the gen'rous lays distinction low,  
 Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.

90

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'ot that resentment never ought to rise,  
or e'en excels of virtue ranks with vice ;  
And there are villainies no bench can awe,  
That sport without the limits of the law.  
To laws th' ungen'rous crime would reprehend      130  
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend :  
In vain the gibbet or the pill'ry claim  
The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.  
Where laws are dup'd its nor unjust nor mean  
To seize the proper time for honest spleen.      135

In open candid foe I could not hate,  
Nor e'en insult the base in humbled state ;  
But thriving Malice tamely to forgive—  
Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays,      140  
Which few perhaps would read and fewer praise.

No matter, could I please the polish'd few  
Who taste the serious or the gay like you.

The squeamish mob may find my verses bare  
Of ev'ry grace—but curse me if I care.      145

Besides, I little court Parnassian fame ;  
There's yet a better than a poet's name.

I would more indulge my pride to hear it said  
That I with you the paths of honour tread,      150

Than that amongst the proud poetic train  
No Modern boasted a more classic vein,

Or that in numbers I let loose my song  
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn strong.      153



# TASTE.

## AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

*First printed in the Year 1753.*

Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam liber dubitet?—Malim, Menercule, solus  
infanire, quam sobrius aut plebis aut patrum deliberationibus ignaviter  
assentari.  
Auctor Anonym. Fragm.

RANGE from Tow'rhill all London to the Fleet,  
Thence round the Temple t' utmost Grosvenor  
Street,

Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn,  
Miss not be sure my Lords and Gentlemen,  
You'll hardly raise, as I with Petty \* guess,  
Above twelve thousand men of Taste, unless  
In desp'rate times a Connoisseur may pass.

"Connoisseur! what's that?" 'Tis hard to say;  
But you must oft' amidst the fair and gay  
Have seen a wou'd-be rake, a flutt'ring fool,  
Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.  
Alas, vain Youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?  
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!  
You'd split to hear th' insipid coxcomb cry,  
"Ah charming Nanny! it is too much! I die!"— 15  
"Die and be damn'd, (says one;) but let me tell ye  
"I'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye."

'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote,  
At Nando's 'twill but cost you half a groat;  
The Bedford School at three-pence is not dear Sir; 2c  
At White's—the stars instruct you for a tester:  
But he whom Nature never meant to share  
One spark of Taste will never catch it there—  
Nor no where else, howe'er the booby beau  
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau. 2c

Good native Taste, tho' rude, is seldom wrong,  
Be it in music, painting, or in song:

\* Sir William Petty, Author of *The Political Arithmetic*.

ut this as well as other faculties  
nproves with age, and ripens by degrees.  
know my Dear, 'tis needless to deny 't,  
ou like Voiture; you think him wondrous bright; 30  
ut sev'n years hence, your relish more matur'd,  
That now delights will hardly be endur'd.  
he boy may live to taste Racine's fine charms  
Thom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:  
ut he enfranchis'd from his tutor's care, 36  
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair,  
With Erasmus can admit to vie  
own of Squabhall, of merry memory,  
Till die a Goth, and nod at Woden's \* feast  
In eternal winter long on Greg'ry's † breast. 40  
Long may he swill this patriarch of the dull  
The drowsy mum—but touch not Maro's skull!  
s holy barb'rous dotage sought to doom,  
ood Heav'n! th' immortal Classics to the tomb!—  
hose sacred lights shall bid new genius rise 46  
Then all Rome's saints have rotted from the skies.  
these your guides if at the ivy crown  
ou aim, each country's classics and your own;  
t chiefly with the Ancients pass your prime, 50  
nd drink Castalia at the fountain's brim.  
he man to genuine Burgundy bred up,  
on starts the dash of Methuen in his cup.  
Those sov'reign masters of the Muse's skill,  
e the true patterns of good writing still: 55  
neir ore was rich, and sev'n times purg'd of lead;  
neir art seem'd Nature, 'twas so finely hid.  
no' born with all the pow'rs of writing well,  
hat pains it cost they did not blush to tell.  
neir ease (my Lords!) ne'er loung'd for want of fire,  
tr did their rage thro' affectation tire; 61

\*Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's Hall, where the happy are for employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors, out of skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.

†Pope Gregory VI. distinguished by the name of St. Gregory, whose pious in the time of barbarous ignorance and priestly tyranny exerted himself in quelling to the utmost of his power all the remains of Heathen genius.

Free from all tawdry, and imposing glare,  
They trusted to their native grace of air :  
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling soul they seize,  
Or fly coy beauties steal it by degrees :  
The more you view them still the more they please. 65

Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit  
Who worm their sense out but ne'er taste their spirit,  
Witness each pedant under Bentley bred,  
Each commentator that e'er commented : 70  
(You scarce can seize a spot of plastic ground,  
With leagues of Dutch morass so floated round)  
Witness—But Sir I hold a cautious pen,  
Lest I should wrong some honourable men.  
They grow enthusiasts too—'Tis true ! 'tis pity ! 75  
But 'tis not ev'ry lunatic that's witty.  
Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad ;  
Ashley once turn'd a solid barber's head:  
Hear all that's said, or printed if you can,  
Ashley has turn'd more solid heads than one. 80

Let such admire each great or specious name,  
For right or wrong the joy to them's the same.  
“ Right ! ” Yes, a thousand times.—Each fool has heard  
That Homer was a wonder of a bard.  
Despise them civilly with all my heart— 85  
But to convince them is a desp'rate part.  
Why should you tease one for what secret cause  
One dotes on Horace, or on Hudibras ?  
'Tis cruel Sir, 'tis needless, to endeavour  
To teach a vot of Taste—he knows no flavour. 90  
To disunite I neither wish nor hope  
A stubborn blockhead from his fav'rite sop :  
Yes—sop I say, were Maro's self before 'em,  
For Maro's self grows dull as they pore o'er him.

But hear their raptures o'er some specious rhyme 95  
Dubb'd by the musk'd and greasy mob sublime ;  
For spleen's dear sake hear how a coxcomb prates,  
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats :  
“ Music has charms to tooth a savage breast,  
“ To soften rocks and oaks,”—and all the rest ; 100

"I've heard"—Bless these long ears!—“Heav'n's  
“what a strain!

“Good God! what thunders burst in this Campaign!

“Hark, Waller warbles! Ah! how sweetly killing!

“Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling! 104

“Rowe breathes all Shakespeare here!—That ode of

“Is Spenser quite! egad his very fire!— [Prior

“As like”—Yes, faith! as gumflow'rs to the rote,

Or as to claret flat Minerva's dose;

As like as (if I am not grossly wrong)

File Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer sung. 110

Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruse

Each fav'rite modern, e'en each ancient Muse.

With all the comic salt and tragic rage

The great stupendous genius of our stage,

Boast of our island, pride of humankind,

Had faults to which the boxes are not blind;

His frailties are to ev'ry gossip known,

Yet Milton's pedantries not shock the Town.

Ne'er be the dupe of names however high,

For some outlive good parts, some misapply.

Each elegant Spectator you admire,

But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire?

Masks for the court, and oft' a clumsy jest,

Diigrac'd the Muie that wrought the Alchemist.

“But to the Ancients.”—Faith! I am not clear, 125

For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,

That ev'ry work which lasts in prose or song

Two thousand years deserves to last so long:

For not to mention some eternal blades

Known only now in academic shades,

(I nose sacred groves where raptur'd spirits stray,

And in word-hunting waste the livelong day)

Ancients whom none but curious critics scan,

Do read Messala's \* pr ifes if you can.

Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart

While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?

\* A poem of Tibullus in hexameter verse, as yawning and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

With him the Loves and Muses melt in tears,  
But not a word of some hexameters.

" You grow so Iqueanish and so dev'lsh dry

" You'll call Lucetius vapid next." Not I :

Some find him tedious, others think him lame,  
But if he lags his subject is to blame,

Rough weary roads thro' barren wilds he try'd,  
Yet still he marches with true Roman pride ;

Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,

He streams athwart the philosophic night.

Find you in Horace no insipid odes ? —

He dar'd to tell us Homer sometimes nods ;

And but for such a critic's hardy skill

Homer might slumber unsuspected still.

Tasteless, implicit, indolent, and tame,

At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame :

Hence it is, for else one knows not why nor how,

Some authors flourish for a year or two,

For many some ; more wondrous still to tell

Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell :

Of solid merit others pine unknown ;

At first tho' Carlos \* swimmingly went down

Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town :

Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay

Till Somer's hand produc'd him to the day ;

But thanks to Heav'n and Addison's good grace

Now ev'ry sop is charm'd with Chevy Chase.

Specious and sage the sov'reign of the flock

Led to the downs, or from the wave worn rock

Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train

Or crop the downs or headlong seek the main :

As blindly we our solemn leaders follow,

And good, and bad, and execrable swallow.

Pray, on the first throng'd ev'ning of a play

That wears the facies Hippocratica,

Strong lines of death, signs dire of reprobation,

Have you not seen the angel of salvation

143

145

152

155

162

165

170

\* Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and justly forgotten, went off with great applause, while his Orphan, a somewhat better performance, and what is yet more strange his Venice Preserved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of those times, met with a very cold reception.

† The appearance of the face in the last stage of a consumption, as it is described by Hippocrates.

Appear sublime, with wise and solemn rap  
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap?— 175  
" he rabble knows not where our dramis sh ne,  
But where the cane goes pat—" " By G—that's fine!"  
Judge for yourself, nor wait with timid phl gm  
Tul some illustrious pedant hum or hem. 179  
The lords who stuy'd Old Ben were le irn'dly fond  
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling tol they conn'd :  
Their sons' whose ears bold Milton coulc not seize,  
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and sniss and freeze,  
And swear, and seem as tickled as you please :  
Their spawn, the pride of this subliuner age, 185  
"ed to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage,  
Tho' liv'd he now he might appeal with scorn  
To lords, knigh'r's, 'squires, and doctors, yet unborn,  
Or justly mad to Meloch's burning fane  
Devote the choicest children of his brain. 190  
adge for yourself, and as you find report  
\*f wit as freely as of beef or port.  
ounds! shall a pert or bluff important wight,  
Whose brain is fanciless, whose blood is white,  
A mumbeling ape of Taste, prescribe us laws 195  
To try the poets, for no better cause  
Than that he boasts *per ann.* ten thousand clear,  
Helps in the House, or barely fits a peer?  
or shame! for shame! the lib'ral British soul  
To stoop to any stale Dictator's rule! 200  
I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,  
ut right or wrong with friends with toes't will out.  
"hus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain  
f trite invention and a slimfy vein,  
ame characters, uninteresting, jejune,  
An l passions dryly copy'd from Le Brun\*: 205  
or I would rather never judge than wrong  
hat friend of all men gen'rous Fenelon.  
\* First painter to Lewis XIV. who, to speak in fashionabile French English,  
In self Lewis, the Great. Our iuvere g lords the passions, ove, R.A., e,  
B. etz, &c. were grac i ly picc'd to hit to him i their turn. for their por-  
, which he wa gen rous enough to communicate o the publick, to t e  
"imprive're two busts of history painting. It was he who they laid per-  
sed to astur, who, with it ha f its advantages, in many other respects was  
ur of ha se ad provoking as to display a genius with which his own c ould  
economy. It was he also, the Gotie dunces, who with fly scratches  
e 'the most mattry o the Le Brun's performance as often as their  
bar e eye could fayrely reach them. He stet an inf achievements—e  
d in his bed! a castrophe which coula no have happened to him in a  
"ry Keithy, where the bas arts are basely and judiciously patronized  
they are well understand.

But in the name of goodness ! must I be  
 The dupe of charms I never yet could see ?  
 And then to flatter where there's no reward—  
 Better be any patron-hunting bard,  
 Who half our lords with filthy praise besmears,  
 And sing an anthem to all ministers,  
 Taste th' Attic salt in ev'ry peer's poor rebus,  
 And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.

210

Alas ! so far from free, so far from brave,  
 We dare not shew the little taste we have.

With us you'll see ev'n vanity control  
 The most refin'd sensations of the soul.

220

Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakespeare's we defy :

" Lard, Madam ! it is so unpolite to cry !—

" For shame, my Dear ! d'ye credit all this stuff ?—

" I vow—Well this is innocent enough ?"

At Athens long ago the ladies—(marry'd)

225

Dreamt not they misbehav'd tho' they miscarry'd

When a wild poet with licentious rage

Turn'd fifty Furies loose upon the stage.

They were so tender and so easy mov'd,  
 Heav'ns ! how the Grecian ladies must have lov'd !

For all the fine sensations still have dwelt

231

Perhaps where one was exquisitely felt :

Thus he who heav'nly Maro truly feels

Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.

The grosser senses too, the taste, the smell,

235

Are likely truest where the fine prevail :

Who doubts that Horace must have cater'd well ?

Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess

What books you dote on from your fav'rite mess.

Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whome'er

The frothy pertness strikes of weak small beer.

241

Who steepes the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce

Will hardly loathe the praise that bastes an ass ;

Who riots on Scotch collops scorns not any

Insipid, fuhome, trashy, miscellany ;

245

And who devours what'er the cook can dish up

Will for a classic consecrate each bishop \*

But I am sick of pen and ink, and you

Will find this Letter long enough. Adieu.

249

\* See Felton's Cafies.

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## IMITATIONS.

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### Advertisement to the Publisher.

THE following Imitation of Shakespeare, was one of our Author's first attempts in Poetry, made when he was very young: it helped to amuse the solitude of a winter past in a wild romantic country: and what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated Poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He shewed it to his poetical friends Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who it seems did great honor to it, and the first mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring that Author's leave to publish it, a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted: but Mr. Mallet altered his mind, and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

The other Imitations of Shakespeare happened to have been saved out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of Tercus and Philomela, attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for such achievements: however they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little rep. of scrops.

# IMITATIONS

OF SHAKESPEARE.

NOW Sumner with her wanton court is gone  
To revel on the south side of the world,  
And like a child frolic out the livelong day;  
While Winter rising pale from northern seas  
Unwakes from his hoary locks the drizzling hemm : 5  
A blast so shrewd makes the tall-body'd pines  
Unbend, and leavy-paced bears  
Sends growling to their savage tenements.

Now blows the surly north, and chills throughout  
The stiff'ning regions, while by stronger charms 10  
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd,  
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks  
Lies all bestill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,  
Nor moves the wither'd reeds ; and the rash flood  
That from the mountains held its headstrong course, 15  
Bury'd in livid sheets of vaulting ice,  
Seen thro' the shameful breaches, idly creeps  
To pay a scanty tribute to the ocean.  
What wonder ? when the floating wilderness  
That scorns our miles, and calls geography 20  
A shallow pryer, from whose unsteady mirror  
The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks,  
When this still raving deep lies mute and dead,  
Nor heaves its swelling boleyn to the winds.  
The surges baited by the fierce north-east, 25  
Tossing with fretful spleen their angry heads  
To roar and rush together.  
Even in the foam of all their madness struck  
The monumental ice round all a strife  
The rocks they wash'd so late. Such execution, 30  
So stern, so irudden, wrought the grisly aspect  
Of terrible Medusa ere young Perseus  
With his keen sabre cropt her horrid head,  
And left her serpents rolling in the dust,

hen wand'ring thro' the woods she frown'd to stone  
eir fav' ge tenants ; just as the foaming lion  
rung furious on his prey her speedier pow'r  
it run his haste : no time to languish in,  
t fix'd in that fierce attitude he stands

ke Rage in marble.—Now portly Argosies      40  
e we'g'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abysm  
s en'g'd our ships to horses ; the swift bark  
elds to the heavy waggen and the cart,  
at now fi m isle to isle maintain the trade,  
nd where the surface hunting dolphin led      45  
r lporting young is now an area fit  
r the wild school-boy's pastime.

Mean-time the ev'ning skies, crusted with ice,  
sting from red to black their weighty skirts,  
ng mournful o'er the hills, and stealing night      50  
B. the bleak puffing winds, that seem to spit  
e're cam sparte thro' the weikin, which is nothing  
r t beheld. Anon the burden'd heav'n  
kes from its ample sieve the boulted snow,  
t flut'ring down besprinkles the sad trees      55  
ckery of leaves, piles up the hills  
n rous attitude, and clokes to the lips  
e deep impervious vales that yawn as low  
to the centre, Nature's vastly breaches,  
ale til the pri. e of men and mortal things      60  
s wh. in'd in heav'n's white ruins.—

If he saw'ring clown digs his obstructed way  
ro' the snow-barricad'd cottage door,  
d muffled in his home-spun pluid encounters  
th livid checks and rheum-castling nose      65  
e morning's chirp and scouring breath to count  
the swvng flock, whose number is all too short  
make the geodly sum of yester-night ;  
t d ep iugurgitated, part yet struggling,  
th leu bit panting melt themselves a grave      70  
What it's holom, which yields not to the touch  
t pale hang a crescent of this world,  
at now with lean and churlish h'sbandry

Yields heartlessly the remnants of his prime,  
And like most spendthrifts starves his latter days  
For former rankness. He with bleary eye  
Blazons his own disgrace, the harness'd waste  
Rebellious to his blunt defeated shafts,  
And idly strikes the chalky mountains' tops  
That rise to kiss the welkin's ruddy lips,  
Where all the rash young bullies of the air  
Mount their quick slender penetrating wings,  
Whipping the frost burnt villagers to the bones,  
And growing with their motion mad and furious,  
Till swoln to tempests they outrage the thunder,  
Winnow the chaffy snow, and mock the skies  
E'en with their own artillery retorted,  
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills  
Into the vallies: and as rude hurricanes  
Discharged from the wind-swoln cheeks of heav'n  
Buoy up the swelling skirts of Araby's  
Inhospitable wilds,  
And roll the dusty desert thro' the skies,  
Choking the liberal air, and smoth'ring  
Whole caravans at once, such havock it spreads  
This war of heav'n and earth, such sudden ruin  
Visits their houseless citizens, that shrink  
In the false shelter of the hills together,  
And hear the tempest howling o'er their heads  
That by and by o'erwhelm them. The very birds,  
Those few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe  
Of ain'rous Summer, quit their russian element,  
And with domestic tameness hop and flutter  
Within the roofs of persecuting man,  
(Grown hospitable by like sense of suff'rance)  
Whither the hinds, the debt of the day discharg'd,  
From kiln or barn repairing, shut the door  
On sultry Winter, crowd i the clean-swept hearth  
And cheerful shining fire, and doff the time,  
The whilst the maids their twirling spindles ply  
With musty legends and ear-pathing tales  
Of giants and black necromantic bards,

air built castles, feats of mad-cap knights,

I ev'ry hollow fiction of romance,

Id as their rambling humour leads them talk

115

prodigies and things of dreadful utt'rance

at set them all agape, rouse up their hair,

Id make the idiot drops start from their eyes ;

church yards belching flames at dead of night,

walking statues, ghosts unaffable

120

unting the dark waste tow'r of airless dungeon,

en of the elves that deftly trip the green,

inking the summer's moon-light from the flow'rs,

d all the toys that Phantasy pranks up

amuse her fools withal.—Thus they lash on

125

e snail-pac'd Hyperborcan nights till heav'n

ngs with a juster poize, when the murk clouds

ll'd up in heavy wreaths low-bellying seem

kiss the ground, and all the waste of snow dropsy

ks blue beneath 'em, till plump'd with bloating

230

yon i the bounds and stretch of continence

hey burst at once ; down pours the hoarded rain,

ashing the slipp'ry winter from the hills,

flotting all the vallies. The fading scene

is like a lost enchantment or vain phantasm

135

a can no more abuse ; Nature resumes

told substantial shi'e, while from the waste

unlisting, listing calamity

cts, and by their sides, wide skirted plains,

es and trees, arise, and waters flow,

140

car in their dark confinements bursting, spurn

er brittle chains, huge sheets of loosen'd ice

at on their bottoms to the deep, and jar

catter as they pass ; th' o'er jutting banks,

ring unpractis'd to lo steep a view,

145

n to look dizzy on the moving pomp.

No ev'ry petty brook that crawld along

ill it's pebbles mocks the river's rage

as the iron frog i the fable. The huge Danube,

leaving its mountains rush into its tide,

150

is wit' such headstrong and unreined course

i would choke the Euxine's gulfy inaw,

Bursting his crystal cerements. The breathing time  
 Of peace expir'd that hush'd the deaf'ning scenes  
 Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian War      15  
 Rebels, and Nature stands at odds again :  
 When the rous'd Furies of the fighting winds  
 Torment the main, that swells its angry sides  
 And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws,  
 While thro' the savage dungeon of the night      16  
 The horrid thunder growls : th' ambitious waves  
 Assault the skies, and from the burling clouds  
 Drink the glib lightning, as if the seas  
 Would quench the ever-burning fires of heav'n ;  
 Strait from their slipp'ry pomp they madly plunge      16  
 And kiss the lowest pebbles. Wretched they  
 That 'midst such rude vexation of the deep  
 Guide a frail vessel ! better ice-bound still,  
 Than mock'd with liberty thus be resign'd  
 To the rough fortune of the froward tyme,      17  
 When navigation all a tiptoe stands  
 On such unsteady footing. Now they mount  
 On the tall billow's top, and seem to jowl  
 Against the stars, whence (dreadful eminence !)  
 They see with swimming eyes (enough to hurry round  
 In endless vertigo the dizzy brain)      17  
 A gulf that swallows vision with wide mouth  
 Steep-yawning to receive them ; down they duck  
 To the rugged bottom of the main, and view  
 The adamantine gates of vaulted hell ;      18  
 Thence toss'd to light again, till borne adrift  
 Against some icy mountain's bulging sides  
 They reel, and are no more.—Nor less by land  
 Ravage the winds that in their wayward rage  
 Howl thro' the wide unhospitable glens,  
 That rock the stable planted tow'rs, and shake      18  
 The hoary monuments of ancient time  
 Down to their flinty bases, that engage  
 As they would tear the mountains from their roots,  
 And brush the high heav'ns with their woody heads,      19  
 Making the stout oaks bow.—But I forget  
 That sprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heel.

ase we these notes, too tragic for the time,  
r jar against great Nature's symphony,  
Then ev'n the blust'rous elements grow tuneful      195  
- listen to the concert. Hark ! how loud  
he cuckoo wakes the solitary wood !  
ft sighs the birds as o'er the greens they stray,  
nd mûrm'ring brooks within their channels play.

## PROGNE's DREAM.

*darkly expressive of some past Events that were soon to be revealed to her.*

LAST night I dream'd,  
Whate'er it may forbode it moves me strangely)  
mt I was rapt into the raving deep :  
nd and rev'end fire conducted me ;  
plung'd into the bosom of the main,  
that me not to fear but follow him.  
low'd ; with impetuous speed we div'd,  
I hear ! the dashing thunder o'er our heads.  
n'y a slip 'ry fathom down we sunk,  
eath all plummetts' sound, and reach'd the bottom. 10  
en there I ask'd my venerable guide  
he could tell me where my sister was ?  
told me that she lay not far from thence,  
thu the bosom of a flinty rock,  
here Neptune kept her for his paramour      15  
from the jealous Amphitrite's sight,  
I faid he could conduct me to the place.  
gg'd he wou'd. Thro' dreadful ways we pass'd,  
vixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either side,  
ence her- and there the branching coral sprung,      20  
r dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold and  
o a hideous kind of wilderness,      [gems,  
ere stood a stern and prison looking rock,  
b'd with a mossy verdure all around,  
mockery of paint. As we drew near      25  
sprung a hydra from a den below,

A speckled Fury ; fearfully it his'd,  
And roll'd its sea-green eyes so angrily  
As it wou'd kill with looking. My old guide  
Against its sharp head hurl'd a rugged stone—  
The curling monster rais'd a brazen shrick,  
Wallow'd, and dy'd in fitful agonies.  
We gain'd the cave. Thro' woven adamant  
I look'd, and saw my sister all alone :  
Employ'd she seem'd in writing something sad,  
So sad she look'd. Her cheek was wond'rous wan ;  
Her mournful locks like weary sedges hung.  
I call'd—she turning started when she saw me,  
And threw her head aside as if ashame'd.  
She wept, but would not speak—I call'd again :  
Still she was mute—Then madly I address'd,  
With all the lion-finews of despair,  
To break the flinty ribs that held me out,  
And with the struggling wak'd.—



## A STORM.

*Rifed to account for the late return of a Messenger.*

—THE sun went down in wrath,  
The skies foam'd bra's, and soon th' unchained winds  
Burst from the howling dungeon of the north,  
And rais'd such high delirium on the main,  
Such angry clamour, while such boiling waves      5  
lash'd on the peevish eye of meedy night,  
It look'd as if the seas would scald the heav'ns :  
Till louder chid the winds, th' encased surge  
Till answer'd louder, and when the sickly Morn  
Peep'd ruefully thro' the bloat & thick-brow'd east  
To view the ruinous havoc of the dark      11  
The stately tow'rs of Athens seem'd to stand  
In hollow foam tide whipt : the ships that lay  
Storming the blast within the marble arms  
Or the sea chid Portumnus danc'd like corks      15  
Upon th' enraged deep, kick ng each other,  
And some were dash'd to fragments in this fray  
Against the harbour's rocky chell : the sea  
So roar'd, so madly rag'd, so proudly swell'd,  
As it would thunder full into the streets,      20  
And steep the tall Cecropian battlements  
In foaming brine : the airy citadel,  
Perch'd like an eagle on a high brow'd rock,  
Shook the salt water from its stubborn tides  
With eager quaking : the Cyclades appear'd      25  
Like ducking cormorants.—Such a munity  
Of clamor'd all tradition, and gain'd belief  
To raving prodigies of heretolore.  
Sev'n days it roar'd, &c.      29

## AN IMITATION

OF SPENSER,

*Written at Mr. Thompson's desire, to be inserted into  
The Castle of Indolence.*

## I

FULL many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,  
And made of passive wights an easy prey.  
Here lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,  
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard lay,  
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day:  
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,  
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:  
He led I ween the softest way to death,  
And taught withouten pain or strife to yield the breath.

## II.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound, 10  
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydrospie;  
Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,  
For ever fed with watery supply,  
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
And here a moping mystery did sit, 15  
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye;  
She call'd herself the Hypochondriac Fit,  
And frantick seem'd to some, to others seem'd a wit.

## III.

A lady was she whimsical and proud,  
Yet oft' thro' fear her pride would crouchen low; 20  
She felt or fancy'd in her flutt'ring mood  
All the diseases that the spitals know,  
And sought all physic that the shops beslow,  
And still new leaches and new drugs would try:  
'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low, 25  
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,  
Sometimes would waxen wroth, and all the knew not why.

## IV.

ast by her side a listless virgin pin'd  
With aking head and squeamish heart burnings ;  
ale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,  
but lov'd in secret all forbidden things. 30

And here the Tertian shooke his chilling wings ;  
And here the Gout, half tiger, half a snake,  
Lag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred stings.  
Here and a thousand Furies more did shake 35  
Tole weary realms, and kept ease-loving men awake.



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